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# ONCE A WEEK

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MISS ELSIE ANDERSON DE WOLFE.

## ONCE A WEEK

521-547 West Thirteenth Street,  
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### THE WEEK.

- Oct. 20—Thomas B. Hughes born—1823.  
" 21—Battle of Trafalgar, Lord Nelson killed—1805.  
" 22—Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—1685.  
" 23—Sir Michael Hicks Beach born—1837.  
" 24—Mayne Reid, author, died—1883.  
" 25—Battle of Agincourt—1415.  
" 26—William Hogarth, painter, died—1764.

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NUGENT ROBINSON, Editor.

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### SPEECH AS A BARRIER BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST.

IF we ask, Are irrational animals endowed with the faculty of speech? we are met by the three sections of advanced scientists, at the very threshold of the discussion. The skeptic is in doubt as to whether there is any such distinction as the distinction between rational and irrational animals. The agnostic does not know—and claims no one else can know—whether there is any such distinction or not. The monistic philosopher, ERNST HEINRICH HAECKEL, endeavors to prove in "Evolution of Man" that Reason, as a frontier post between Man and Beast, is altogether untenable. Either we must take Reason in its narrow sense, argues HAECKEL—and in that case it is lacking in most Men as well as in the lower animals; or we must take it in its broader and lower sense, in which case it is present in such animals as the Horse, Elephant, Dog and Ape, as well as in the human species. Under such circumstances it is evident that we cannot satisfactorily discuss the question by beginning at either Reason or Speech as a barrier between Man and Beast. If the atheistic evolution or development theory has been established, there is no distinction or barrier between Man and Beast, except a mere matter of higher development in the former than in the latter. Beasts have both Speech and Reason as well as Man has, and there is no barrier here. Going still further down the scale of organisms, we reach forms of life which have nothing but skullless brain-bladders. The Mind in these organisms cannot develop with its organ, the brain, for the brain has not yet differentiated in them. At this point in the scale, at all events, development of Mind has not yet begun.

We hold that atheistic evolution cannot stand, unless it stands as an entirety. The question is not, Does Reason develop in connection with its organ, the brain? as HAECKEL discusses it; but does Reason develop gradually all along the line—from the undifferentiated Amoeba, up through skullless brain-bladders, and

finally in connection with its organ, the brain, in the higher Beasts and in Man? Was it Reason, or merely intelligence, which was developing, all along the line, until Man came upon the scene? If it is Reason, as between Man and the higher Beasts, why not Reason, as between the primitive slime and Protomonas?

If we begin to call it Reason, as distinct from intelligence, anywhere in the line of development, why not begin at Man? Does not Man—even the Australian Bushman—show an intelligence which even in its degradation is quite distinct from the intelligence of the Ape? HAECKEL quotes with approval the lines of Goethe's "Mephistopheles."

"He calls it Reason, but thou see'st  
Its use but makes him beastlier than the beast."

Instinct keeps the beasts within the bounds of nature, but Reason conferred upon the Bushman, and upon others besides the Bushman, is a dangerous possession. It controls nature. Here is the dividing line. This is human Reason, with its almost limitless powers of investigation; its ability to stifle the voice of instinct, not only for high good, but for base evil; its strange, contradictory power of either looking forward to a higher destiny in a Hereafter, or of looking backward to the unclean Ape, as a near relative, without the faintest idea of ever associating with it, or trying to form it into a new political party. Whereas the Anthropoid Apes are supposed to have differentiated from common Apes, and finally into Men, mostly by withdrawing themselves from association with the coarser Apes, this human Reason is capable, in the case of ERNST HAECKEL, of looking upon the Anthropoid Ape as a more suitable ancestor than a "Godlike Adam," and nevertheless develops into a giant intellect of the nineteenth century. Man can think as he sees fit about his relations with Apes and "other cattle," and yet remain Man; but if the Anthropoid Apes had not gone off by themselves and commenced to chatter and talk and get their heads together, so the coarser Apes could not understand them they would never have differentiated; and even Evolution itself could never have changed them into even Bushmen, much less into the sagacious Lake-Dwellers of Switzerland, or the liberty-loving Mound-Builders of these States.

With these limitations as to the development of human from brutal intelligence, we have no objections to urge against a notable article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, by Mr. E. P. EVANS, on "Speech as a Barrier between Man and Beast." In reply to MAX MULLER's dictum that "no animal has ever spoken," Mr. E. P. EVANS asserts that parrots and ravens utter articulate sounds as distinctly as the average cockney and in most cases make quite as intelligent and edifying use of them for the expression of ideas. Again: "In the course of ages, and as the result of long processes of evolution and transformation, monkeys have learned to speak, but when they have acquired this faculty we call them men."

If we call them Men, instead of Monkeys, when they have gained the power of speech, the question is, Do we, as it were, call them by their right name? Is it proper, scientific, to make the distinction? If it is not, then Man is not only descended from the unclean Ape, but he is a shameless pretender, usurper and tyrant. He snatches from the monkey the priceless heritage of speech, and hies him to cities and towns, leaving in the woods of barbarous countries the sagacious little animals which he has robbed—and which now, perforce, chatter and pine away, while Man takes comfort and enjoys even free speech. On the other hand, if it is true that Man alone can justly lay claim to the power of speech, then, of course, speech is a barrier between man and beast. Is it an insurmountable barrier? According to Mr. E. P. EVANS, when the Monkey speaks we call it Man. In this sense the barrier of speech is an insurmountable barrier; where speech begins the beast ends.

But does human speech develop from brutal speech? MAX MULLER stops at roots or "phonetic cells" as "ultimate facts in the analysis of language," and virtually says to the philologist, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, and here shall thy researches be stayed." "The scholar," he declares, "begins and ends with these phonetic types; or, if he ignores them, and traces words back to the cries of animals or to the interjections of men, he does so at his peril. The philosopher goes beyond, and he discovers in the line which separates rational from emotional language, conceptual from intuitional knowledge—in the roots of language he discovers the true barrier between Man and Beast."

Replying to this argument, Mr. EVANS declares that the philologist, who recognizes in the roots of language the Ultima Thule beyond which he dare not push his investigations, confesses thereby his incompetency to solve the problem of the origin of language, and must resign this field of inquiry to the zoopsychologist, who, freeing himself from the trammels and illusions of metaphysics, seeks to find a firm basis for his science in the strict and systematic study of facts. Imagine the folly of the physiologist who should say to his fellow-scientists: "In your researches you must begin and

end with cells. If, in studying organic structures, you go back of cells and endeavor to discover the laws underlying their origin, you do so at your peril. Beware of the dangerous seductions of cytoblast and cytogenesis and treacherous quagmires of protoplasm."

In this, Mr. E. P. EVANS presumes that the "origin of cells" has been clearly traced. If there is good advice to be found anywhere on the subject of the shadowy development and spontaneous generation which precedes the cell in atheistic evolution, that advice would be, Do not say you understand how primitive slime in the bottom of the primordial sea ever became a thing of life and a cell—unless you do understand it. Unless you see that such might have been the fact, do not say that you so see. If the tracing of the roots of human language from the roots of brutal language is to depend on anything like the arguments adduced by HAECKEL in his attempt to make cells out of primitive slime, then indeed do the roots of monkey language need careful mulching for a few more winters.

But Mr. EVANS admits it is only natural that the philologist should think thus, being so absorbed in the laws which govern the transmutations of words that he comes to regard these metamorphoses as finalities, and never goes behind and beyond them. We must look, therefore, not to comparative philology, but to comparative psychology, for the discovery of the origin of language. Philology has to do with the growth and development of speech out of roots, which are assumed to be ultimate and unanalyzable elements, like the purely hypothetical particles which the physicist calls atoms; but as to the nature and genesis of roots themselves the philologist of to-day is as puzzled and perplexed as was the old Vedic poet, when, in the presence of the universe and its mysterious generation, he could only utter the pathetic and helpless cry, "Who, indeed, knows, who can declare, whence it sprang, whence this evolution?"

"Show me only one root in the language of animals," says MAX MULLER, "such as *ak*, to be sharp and quick, and from it two derivatives, as *asva*, the quick one—the horse—and *acutus*, sharp or quick-witted; nay, show me one animal that has the power of forming roots, that can put one and two together, and realize the simplest dual concept; show me one animal that can think and say 'two,' and I should say that, so far as language is concerned, we cannot oppose Mr. DARWIN's argument, and that Man has, or at least may have been, developed from some lower animal."

Mr. EVANS replies that according to the theory of evolution the language of animals has not yet reached the root stage and never can reach it; for it would then become articulate speech, and be no longer the language of animals, but the language of Man. But this is surely no evidence or indication that one may not grow out of the other; on the contrary, it rather suggests the possibility of such growth and development.

We cannot be certain, however, that animals may not have general concepts. When a dog, in eager pursuit of some object, yelps, *ak-ak*, how do we know that this sharp utterance, which expresses the strong and impatient desire of the dog to overtake the object, may not stand in the canine mind for the general concept of quickness? It is used in pursuing all animals and inanimate things, bird, hare, squirrel, stick, or stone, and cannot therefore denote any single one of them, but must have a general signification. For aught we know, the language of animals may be made up of undeveloped roots vaguely expressive of general concepts, or may even contain derivative sounds.

Mr. DARWIN asserted that since becoming domesticated, the dog has learned to bark in as many as five or six distinct tones: eagerness, as in the chase; anger, as well as growling; the yelp or howl of despair, when shut up; the baying at night; the bark of joy, when starting on a walk with his master; and the very distinct one of demand or supplication, as when wishing for a door or window to be opened.

Says Mr. E. P. EVANS: "This variety of tones, expressing different desires and emotions in an animal that in its wild state could not bark at all, marks a very considerable advance in the power of vocal utterance as the result of association with man."

In closing this very curious and highly entertaining article, Mr. EVANS thinks it would be superfluous to multiply instances of the capability of understanding articulate speech manifested by monkeys, horses, dogs, cats, elephants, birds, and other animals that acquire this power, as children do, through the ear and by the exercise of attention. They also show a nice discrimination in distinguishing between words similar in sound. A parrot or a raven masters a new sentence by repeating it, and working at it, just as a schoolboy solves a hard problem. These birds associate sounds with objects, and thus invent names for them. Every dog is a "bow-wow," and every cat a "miao-miao." The denotative term has an onomatopoeic origin, and by the process of generalization is applied to all animals of the species; it is not necessary that the parrot should have heard each individual dog bark or cat mew before giving it its appropriate name. A raven belonging to GOTTHARD HEIDEGGER, a clergyman and rector of the gymnasium in Zürich, was constantly picking up



words dropped in general conversation, and using them afterwards in the most surprising manner.

Even animals whose laryngeal apparatus is not structurally adapted to the production of articulate sounds may be taught to utter them. LEIBNITZ mentions a dog which had learned to pronounce thirty words distinctly. In the *Dumfries Journal* of January, 1829, an account is given of a dog which called out "WILLIAM" so as to be clearly understood; and Mr. ROMANES cites the case of an English terrier which had been taught to say, "How are you, grandma?" The careful and systematic experiments now being made in this direction by Professor A. GRAHAM BELL and other scientists are exceedingly interesting, and may lead to important results.

In view of these facts, it is evident that the barrier between human and animal intelligence, once deemed impassable, is becoming more and more imperceptible, and with the rapid progress of zoöpsychological research will soon disappear altogether. "When we remember," says Professor SAYCE, "the inarticulate clicks which still form part of the Bushman's language, it would seem as if no line of division could be drawn between Man and Beast, even when language is made the test." Apes make use of similar clicks for a like purpose, and these sounds are doubtless survivals of speech before it became distinctively articulate.

Whatever may be the value of the facts presented by Mr. EVANS, it cannot be disputed that the whole theory of atheistic evolution has one apparently insurmountable barrier to overcome before it can be generally accepted by the great majority of men. This barrier HAECKEL calls "human arrogance." Man's instinctive dislike to be told that he is the same—only a little different, owing to adaptation—as the Ape that grins at him in the menagerie and pays no taxes; and that Man's mind, "the human reason" which evolutionists are wont to ridicule, does not separate him from the American Ape with the flat nose that claims relationship with the Mound-Builders, nor from the foreign Ape with the up-and-down nose, that used to throw coconuts, worth ten cents each, at English sailors, to keep the sailors from climbing the trees to get them: this instinctive dislike is called "human arrogance," "customary arrogance." HAECKEL avers that this prejudice is very unbecoming in people who sometimes lay claim to a proper and highly becoming humility of spirit.

We propose to show, among other things, that in this HAECKEL, and all who believe as he does, are turning traitor to their own species. If the struggle for existence and progress among organisms are at work among all living beings, let us *think* we are not related to the Ape and such cattle, even if we are. Was it not such arrogance as this, according to evolution, that caused a few choice Apes to go off by themselves as a select set and develop into Men-Apes, then into Ape-Men, and, finally, to drop the Ape from their family name altogether? Did not this arrogance in the course of time cause them to go in out of the rain, and cold, and heat, so that they eventually shed their hair, for the most part? What caused them to get their heads together and talk, instead of chattering, so that the "cawser" Apes could not know what they were saying—if it was not arrogance? Could anything but arrogance impel them to make flint arrowheads with which to kill the cave-bear for a grand reception dinner of the select set, instead of climbing a tree to get away from Bruin? Mere "humility of spirit" and knowing "Man's Place in Nature," as well as a disciple of HUXLEY says he does, would have caused the bottom to drop out of the whole enterprise; and the other Apes would have the laugh on the select few, who had great expectations and absurd pretensions without the ability to realize on them.

HUXLEY's Law gives, in substance, the following account of the "Place in Nature," occupied, for example, by your baby boy, one year old, in whom neither reason nor speech has yet awakened: "Your child is less above the Ape of the future, and perhaps of the present, than a human of the future, or perhaps of the present, is above him. This child may be nearer to the Ape in every essential characteristic than he is to a highly developed human. When your child is old enough to study, let him first learn 'Man's Place in Nature' from the 'only' HUXLEY. He will then entertain a fellow feeling for the Ape as an unfortunate poor relation who was left behind in 'natural selection or the struggle for existence,' etc., even more so than for a next-door neighbor who lacks force of character and general organic strength, because of certain habits and traits in his parents. Your child should be trained to point with pride to an ambitious, go-ahead Ape-Man from which came children who could build a fire and others which hung head downwards from a tree by their tails—and are doing it yet—to amuse some attractive female Ape.

"It is far nobler to have such an ancestor, who had two kinds of children, some with erect mien, who broke the old Man-Ape's heart by their insubordination, arrogance and strange, outlandish, articulate chattering—this is the crowd you and your child are descended from—and others, who were only collateral relatives to your child and you, and who stayed with their progen-

itor, comforted his declining years by making him eat at the second table, if he could find anything, and finally let him die and rot on top of the ground to save funeral expenses. It is far nobler, we monists say, to have such a versatile, though badly used ancestor, than to be descended from a Godlike ADAM, whom the 'black International,' and the rest of the churches tell you about, for the sole purpose of getting your money, tickling your vanity, and keeping you in ecclesiastical leading strings. Bear in mind, now, we do not say that Man is descended from the Ape. In fact, we hold that these low-down, flat-nosed, long-tailed American Apes are not in any way connected with Man's descent, and only very slightly, as a mere offshoot, with man's pedigree. What we say and can easily prove, if you will just bear in mind the natural descent of Man from the lower animal, is this: That Men and Apes are both descended from the same parent; that this same parent form is probably extinct; that if it is not, we will probably find him somewhere in Africa or Asia. It or he is either black, yellow or brown; either Mongolian, Malay or Ethiopian. The real Apes that you and your little boy are descended from, never came to America until they became Men."

Exciting prejudice against the development theory is entirely uncalled for, as intense prejudice against it already exists. We distinctly disclaim any attempt to do so in asking the reader to take monism home to himself, especially the "Ape Question." The argument that the foregoing enforces and illustrates is this: Adaptation is one of the mechanical causes of atheistic evolution. In this a prominent factor is a sense of superiority, pride, arrogance, on the part of individuals of a species who are about to change their habits of life, to submit to the mechanical cause or law of adaptation—to develop, as Man is said to have done, from the Ape-Man parent form. This is a fixed and unalterable law; it is *necessary*, this causal connection between a sense of superiority, pride and arrogance, and the change in the habits of life. If that sense of superiority was necessary as between Ape-Men and other Ape-Men, the sense of superiority on the part of Man towards Apes, the customary "arrogance" is much more necessary, and Man *cannot think* that he is allied to Apes. The atheistic evolutionists are men. Therefore they cannot think that their views on the Ape Question are anything but arrant nonsense. Their readers are Men, therefore they cannot think what these monistic books try to prove. As between Men, those individuals *compelled*, by atheistic evolution, to rise not at all or very slowly above their present condition, cannot think themselves equal to those above them; and those who are compelled to rise cannot but look down upon their weaker brethren. This last is a distinction within the species; the other is a distinction between one species and another. Finally, what the human mind cannot think—but must think the contrary—is not true. Therefore, by the atheistic evolutionist's own laws, and according to his *necessary* connection between cause and effect, Man is not descended from nor allied to the Ape nor an Ape-Man form.

In this we are grasping a really vital point, if connection between cause and effect everywhere is necessary, inevitable. When Man differentiated from Ape-Men, as the latter had previously differentiated from Apes, it was *necessary* that the "progressive element," the "only," Men in the one case, and the "only" Ape-Men in the other, should consider themselves, after a few generations, as entirely distinct from Apes in the one case and Ape-Men in the other. Now, instead of a few generations, give us an epoch, or even an age, or a few thousand years; then give us a general migration to a country where Apes and Ape-Men did not intrude to remind the emigrants of their discreditable pedigree; add Heredity and Adaptation and the Struggle for Existence; contemplate the weeding out of the ne'er-do-weels; bring Natural Selection upon the scene, whereby male and female of the weaker class and of others more worthy, are snubbed and jilted and swindled out of their property and given over to dishonest guardians, executors, administrators and assigns, and allowed to die bachelors and old maids; let this continue among the emigrants for a few thousand years, and we will show you a race under the control of the fixed and unalterable laws of Heredity and Adaptation to such an extent that they *cannot* think themselves allied to Apes or Ape-Men. And what the human mind cannot think—but must think the contrary—is false. At all events, why waste our time and talents trying to make the human species think that, the contrary of which the "only" evolution theory compels us to think.

WHETHER or not SARDOU's dramatic noise, sound, and fury signify anything, may be an open question; but in "Thermidor," just brought out in New York City, he exceeds even his own previous record in all three of these non-essential attributes. "Thermidor" had no business in France, it certainly can have no mission in this country. We are a much quieter and more legitimate Republic than France. The latest imported "craze" shows how a Republic is *not* made. This nation has no use for such information. That kind of "business" is not even matter of history in this country.

## THE NEW NAVY AND ITS EVOLUTION.

### THIRD ARTICLE.

THE Naval Defense Act of Great Britain of 1889 provides for the construction of seventy vessels, carrying five hundred and forty guns. Of these, eight are first-class battle-ships, each to carry four thirteen-and-one-half-inch guns, throwing projectiles of twelve hundred and fifty pounds, and ten six-inch quick-firing guns, aggregating thirty-two of the larger and eighty of the smaller caliber. Two second-class battle-ships, carrying four ten-inch guns and ten 4.7-inch quick-firing guns, with five other vessels of the *Trafalgar* class, just completed, aggregate twenty-eight ten-inch and seventy 4.7-inch guns. If we choose to indulge in any idea of comparison in guns, we may take up Lord BRASSEY's book and see that, although Great Britain is leading in this extraordinary race for supremacy, there is not one of the four other powers named that has not completed vessels within the past five years—and has others under construction—that have quite doubled the gun force of our supposititious battle-ship navy. In a table of the armament of forty-three of our new vessels, which comprise all that are modern and all that have been appropriated for some of them not yet under construction, the aggregate of guns is three hundred and sixty-five. Of these, twelve are of thirteen-inch caliber, eight are of twelve-inch, thirty-eight are of ten-inch, fifty are of eight-inch and two hundred and fifty-seven are of smaller calibers.

Comparing our disparity of gun force in battle-ships with any one of the five powers named—were all of our vessels under construction ready for service, and if, by volition, we could add as an available force all the vessels asked by the Navy Department, but not appropriated for—we should still feel oppressed by a sense of painful inferiority in that respect.

I present the above facts for the consideration of those who insist that the supplementary defense of our coasts by the navy should be one of guns of war, in lieu of regarding them as a necessary—indeed, indispensable—auxiliary. Let any one, expert or inexperienced, figure out the number of battle-ships that would be required to make a fair defensive supplement to our land forces from Maine to Texas on the Atlantic, and from Puget Sound to San Diego on the Pacific. When could they be completed? What would they cost? And could they be as numerous at any one point of attack as a concentrated force of the enemy?

In the two days' bombardment of Fort Fisher, in December, 1864, five rifle one-hundred-pounder guns burst, killing sixteen and wounding twenty-four men. In the second bombardment, three weeks later, no rifled guns were used. It is worth while to remember that, against earthworks within a distance of one mile, spherical shells are far more effective than those from rifles, and also that no smooth-bore guns burst during either of these bombardments. While we may rest content that our heavy rifle guns are quite as safe as any others made, the record of the use of rifles, by the British at Alexandria, especially, and the bursting of their rifles on other occasions, as well as of KRUPP guns at various times, may well cause a reasonable apprehension of great loss of life when heavy guns are fired with rapidity in an engagement. This does not imply that they are not indispensable in modern warfare; military men must take all the chances, including those of destruction from the weapons which they use of necessity. This condition, however, is an additional argument for the substitution of heavily armored rams to sink the enemy, instead of employing guns for that purpose. The bursting of a one-hundred-ton gun in a turret, with its five-hundred-and-fifty-pound charge of powder, would probably cause more loss of life than the sinking of a ram with every one on board—not at all a likely occurrence, with the very large number of water-tight compartments given the one now building at Bath, Me., of which mention has been made.

If we prepare ourselves for the work, which will require little time and relatively little money, we may regard with surprise, rather than with apprehension, the huge and unwieldy battle-ships with which European powers are loading themselves at an immense cost, which will be as readily sunk as any ordinary vessel. In the most ancient histories we find marine rams were the most powerful weapon afloat. The increased size of sailing vessels in the end made rams inoperative, as wind is a fickle motor; but with the advent of steam came the applicability of the ram again. With us, in 1824, Captain JAMES BARRON made the model of a ram now at our Naval Academy. A third of a century later, one of the ablest officers of our old navy, Commodore MATHEW C. PERRY, exerted himself in vain to have rams built. Another third of a century has passed and a ram is actually being built, unembarrassed by having a double purpose. Although the guaranteed speed is seventeen knots, calculations indicate that it will be quite up to that of any of our fast cruisers. I do not propose a naval "cure-all" in a marine ram, but a weapon of peculiar value in the defense of a coast against the guns of a more powerful enemy *in gun measure*. Nor do I suppose that rams will not suffer, from time to time, the penalties that belong to war; but suppose that they

will suffer in a minor degree, vessel for vessel, as compared with battle-ships. When a battle-ship goes down, some seven hundred men may go down in her; when a ram goes down, perhaps one-tenth of that number.

In the presentation of the new navies that of Great Britain is so prominent that the reader may conjecture that a war with that power is supposed likely to occur. It certainly will not unless one or the other nation is seized with actual insanity. There is a community of interests and there is a growing sentiment that the English-speaking peoples should stand together in any great extremity. Nevertheless, the sooner we provide ourselves with the obvious means of sinking or driving from our coasts the battle-ships of any power, should the situation demand it, the better for us and for all the great aggregations of peoples, geographically separated, who have common aspirations, common interests and tastes, and who, in common, speak the English language.

At the first glance the "foreigner" will be struck with a painful realization of the fact that Great Britain has coaling stations and facilities for docking ships and cleaning their bottoms on all of the routes of traffic around the world, making it plainly impossible for any power or powers to capture many of her first-class merchant steamers, when abundantly supplied with coal and having clean bottoms.

On a calm and broad view of these conditions others than Britons may regard this rather fortuitous than the reverse, as it will tend much to lessen the likelihood of war, that might be fostered were the chances of making rich prizes more alluring. Were the coaling stations and docking facilities divided to a considerable degree on the great routes of traffic among the different nations having aspirations "to control the seas," and now maintaining navies of inordinate size as compared to their traffic, it would hold out allurements for war that cannot now exist.

When our new navy is capable of performing its functions as I have endeavored to define them, we may, at least for the time, rest content. Until then we must regard ourselves as quite unable to resist whatever unreasonable demands may be made upon us by any impetuous power maintaining a large navy.

DANIEL AMMEN,

Admiral U. S. Navy.

## PARNELL.

### GONE!

It is scarcely possible to realize the grim and awesome fact that CHARLES STEWART PARNELL has gone from out that world wherein his name has been familiar in the mouth as a household word. It is scarcely possible to realize that the wonderful career, full of such unexampled energy and dogged persistence in the teeth of overwhelming obstacles, a career consecrated from dawning manhood to the redemption of a Nation, is over, and—forever!

One short year ago, and the tears of a nation would have flowed in an unendurable paroxysm of sorrow. To-day, and the tears of Ireland will flow to blot from off his splendid fame a stain that smirched and blasted a career at once so matchless and so glorious. Had he passed away at the dramatic *finale* to the PARNELL Commission, his name would have found a place in patriotism beside that of GEORGE WASHINGTON. One false step, and then ruin—complete, absolute. He was a man marked by Nature for leadership. He did better work for Ireland than DANIEL O'CONNELL. He taught Ireland that her freedom and nationality were "to be won in the poll booths and in Parliament, and not in the worse than useless martyrdom of insurrection against the most powerful empire that the sun has ever shone upon." He demonstrated that Ireland's deliverance was to come "with the consent, not against the will, of the sister and neighboring nation," and that her destiny could not be changed by "reckless and fruitless violence." A Protestant and an Englishman, he was cool as the iciest hater of Ireland in the House of Commons, while his imperious will, his cool, calculating judgment, his inflexible determination, his dogged persistence, and his cynical contempt for the opinion of his adversaries, were so un-Irish as to extract and command the astonished respect of his opponents, while to his trusting followers he was ever a man of mystery.

Ireland will readily forgive him the last few episodes of his career. She has infinitely more cause to be grateful for his services in her cause and in the inspiration of his patriotism. The clangor of controversy will now be hushed over his new-made grave, and his fame is safer at this hour than if he had been forced to face another year of fierce factional dissent—dissension that would court defeat. It is unutterably sad to reflect that PARNELL did not survive to see the accomplishment of the herculean task for which he worked so devotedly, so nobly and so well; to see an Irish Parliament in College Green, and the Ireland of his soul's devotion once more a Nation. Fate willed it otherwise, and when, as is inevitable, United Ireland passes on to the fruition of her high hopes, Erin, out of the depth of her gratitude, will forget the mistakes, and remember only the devotion and the genius of CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

COLONEL C. A. NORTON, of Fargo, N. Dak., an authority on the subject, speaks as follows of the effect of the recent continued wet weather upon the wheat still in shock in some of the great wheat fields of that State: "The present outlook of a portion of this crop, not less than forty per cent. of it, is decidedly squally. Of all the grain raised in North Dakota fully that percentage is to-day in the shock, and no small portion of it is sprouting. If this weather continues, the stuff will be rotten, worthless, unfit even for hog feed. Of course, with good clean weather there will be a large amount of wheat good for some purposes, but not for the manufacture of patent-process flour." To the uninitiated this might seem an attempt to run up the price of wheat. But the fact is, that long-continued rains will render wheat in the shock absolutely worthless. It is also a fact that in many of the hundred-acre and thousand-acre wheat-fields of the great grain-growing regions of the Dakotas, stacking and getting the harvested grain under shelter is impracticable. Threshing out of the field is the usual method. In any very wet threshing season the loss of wheat in great quantities is inevitable. It seems wicked to thus allow wheat to be destroyed to the extent of anything like forty per cent. of a magnificent crop; but under the "big farm system" it cannot be prevented.

At Buffalo, four Celestials, two of them with Canadian papers, were taken from jail by the United States Marshal and put on the ferryboat for Canada. The customs officer at Fort Erie refused to receive the tow, having no entrance papers. When the boat brought them back, the United States officials, claiming that they had been deported, refused to let them land. They went back and forth till an order was sent for a deputy to bring them back to jail and report the case back to the United States District Attorney. Meanwhile the two unfortunates produced fifty dollars each, the price of a Canadian entrance fee, and on paying it to the captain of the boat were allowed to enter Canada. Canada has been playing this fifty-dollar game on Uncle SAM for some time: the Dominion gets the money, and we get the Chinese from time to time, and have to cart them around and give them boat-rides, trying to find a place to put them. It would be a good compromise to let any Chinaman land here who has fifty dollars he wishes to contribute to the National Treasury, get the fifty dollars, and then—smuggle him into Canada. Besides being in the line of reciprocity, this course might lead Canada to see that two can play at this game of queue money, as it is played along an unprotected border.

FRENCH decrees of 1881 and 1883 prohibited the importation of American pork under the pretext of trichinosis. When voting the articles of the new French tariff, the Chamber of Deputies became convinced of the wholesomeness of that product, through the persistent efforts of the American Minister, Hon. WHITE-LAW REID. The result was that no discrimination was made against it, and it will be admitted on payment of the regular schedule duties. The rate is high on pork; but the main point to be noted is, that the trichinosis pretext has been withdrawn. American farmers and pork-packers have a substantial gain in this. Last week M. ROCHE, Minister of Commerce, intimated that he would oppose any modifications of the Tariff Bill as approved by the Chamber of Deputies.

HOW MANY travelers by rail and boat take notice of the mute appeal which daily stares them in the face, pleading for so little and yet pleading for so much—the cry of the sick poor in hospitals for the cast-aside newspapers! Boxes are placed in conspicuous sites, asking each traveler, for Sweet Charity's sake, to cast his or her newspaper which he or she has read, *ad nauseam*, into this receptacle, to be presently emptied and the precious freight borne to pain-racked couches where even a whisper from the outside world through the medium of a newspaper means Balm of Gilead.

THE unveiling of the heroic bronze equestrian statue of General GRANT, in Chicago, in the sight of a land parade of thirty thousand men, and amid the salutes of the United States steamers *Michigan*, *Andrew Johnson*, and *Fessenden* leading a parade of shipping on our great interior American lake, marks an epoch in the history of the great young city.

HERB BEBEL, a prominent Socialist leader, of Berlin, made a violent speech in which he said Russia ought to be driven out of Europe, and Poland be made an independent State. Like many another Socialistic utterance, this one has reference to a very unsubstantial dream.

The Russian famine fund will be swelled by the "upper classes" in St. Petersburg and other cities, who will save their roubles for the poor by abstaining from entertainments during the coming winter. The poor can stand this, if the theaters can.

FOR next-door neighbors a thorough understanding is a prime necessity. Portugal and Spain are about to enter into a commercial treaty.

## TOPICS OF THE WEEK

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, late leader of the Home Rule or Nationalist party in Ireland, died at his residence in Brighton, England, after a few days' illness, of congestion of the lungs and acute rheumatism. He was born in June, 1846. His father, Henry Parnell, was married in Grace Church, New York City, in 1835, to Miss Delia Tudor Stewart, second daughter of the famous Commodore Stewart, who had won many a naval battle with the British during the second war for independence. Charles Stewart Parnell's public career in Parliament began in 1875, when he was elected to the seat made vacant by the death of John Martin. The Irish leader at that time was Isaac Butt, who had strong Tory inclinations. The Irish party was a conglomerate of Whigs and Tories banded together with no particular policy except general opposition to English rule in Ireland. After the successive crop failures of 1877 and 1878, Mr. Parnell may be said to have founded the Land League, in 1879. The object of the League was to oppose rack-renting, by the tenants refusing to pay any rent and holding on to the homesteads, until the landlords made reductions. When, in that year, Mr. Parnell visited Ireland, he became at once their leader. He also visited this country, in 1879, to found the American branch of the League. He was received with much honor. He was permitted to deliver an address on the floor of the House of Representatives. In 1880 he was elected to Parliament from three different counties of Ireland. On October 13, 1881, he and other Irish Nationalist members were imprisoned in Kilmainham Jail, Dublin. It is believed by many that that imprisonment was the first step in the undermining of his intellectual powers as well as his physical health. Nevertheless, he fought the British Government step by step, and gained many substantial benefits for the country which acknowledged his leadership with a unanimity and a submission never paralleled in the history of struggling peoples. His triumphant vindication in the famous suit against the *London Times*, and his downfall after the O'Shea divorce trial, are still fresh in the memory of the public. His untimely death is deplored by friend and foe alike; but not any more so, perhaps not as much so, as his ill-advised and thoroughly unjustifiable course during and since that unhappy event.

The German people in America are much attached to Fatherland, and the attachment is commendable and justifiable; for Germany, beginning in the north at Schleswig-Holstein and ending where Austro-Hungary begins in the south, has, on the whole, a creditable history among the nations of the earth for fourteen hundred years. The history, the romance and the fable that the German claims as his own are peculiarly of a kind to engender love of home, of kindred, of country. Not a village, city, castle, forest or mountain in all those mighty empires, now in the strong hands of young Kaiser Wilhelm and the aged Francis Joseph, but has some bewitching memory clustering around it for the sturdy Teuton who leaves them all behind to come to America. And yet—with all his attachment to the old land and his strong reasons for the same—he has transferred to the young republic an affection as ardent as it is unostentatious, and strong because it is based first on love of home. As a component part of the American people the Germans have this year made a new departure which will doubtless lead to a great and notable anniversary, as it should. San Francisco, Omaha and Washington celebrated, on the 6th inst., the two hundred and eighth anniversary of the first German settlement in America. A military, civic and trades procession at Washington was reviewed by President Harrison, and the day ended with fireworks and speech-making in Schuetzen Park.

France and Russia are about to sign a further treaty, a military convention having existed for fifteen months.

In the attempt to break the trotting record, Nancy Hanks, at Terre Haute, trotted one mile in 2:11 3/4, and a second in 2:13 3/4. The record of Maud S. is still there—2:08 3/4.

Governor Campbell and ex-Congressman McKinley, opposing candidates for Governor of Ohio, had a joint debate at Ada, a small town in that State, at which over thirty thousand people were present.

Prince Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Roumania, offers to give up his claim to that easy and pleasant inheritance, in order to marry Mile. Vacaresco.

Mrs. Antonio de Navarro (Mary Anderson) is reported to be in poor health at Tunbridge Wells.

Sir John Pope Hennessey, the recent successful opponent of the Parnellite candidate in North Kilkenny, died at Queenstown, within a few hours of Charles Stewart Parnell's death.

The *London Globe*, a conservative organ, says there is no longer any question that the trade of the country has lost its buoyancy. The monthly return shows a shrinkage this time in the imports as well as the exports. Even making an allowance for the exceptional magnitude of the shipments to the United States in September, 1890, the continual falling off under this head has a serious complexion.

The American Humane Association is in session at Denver.

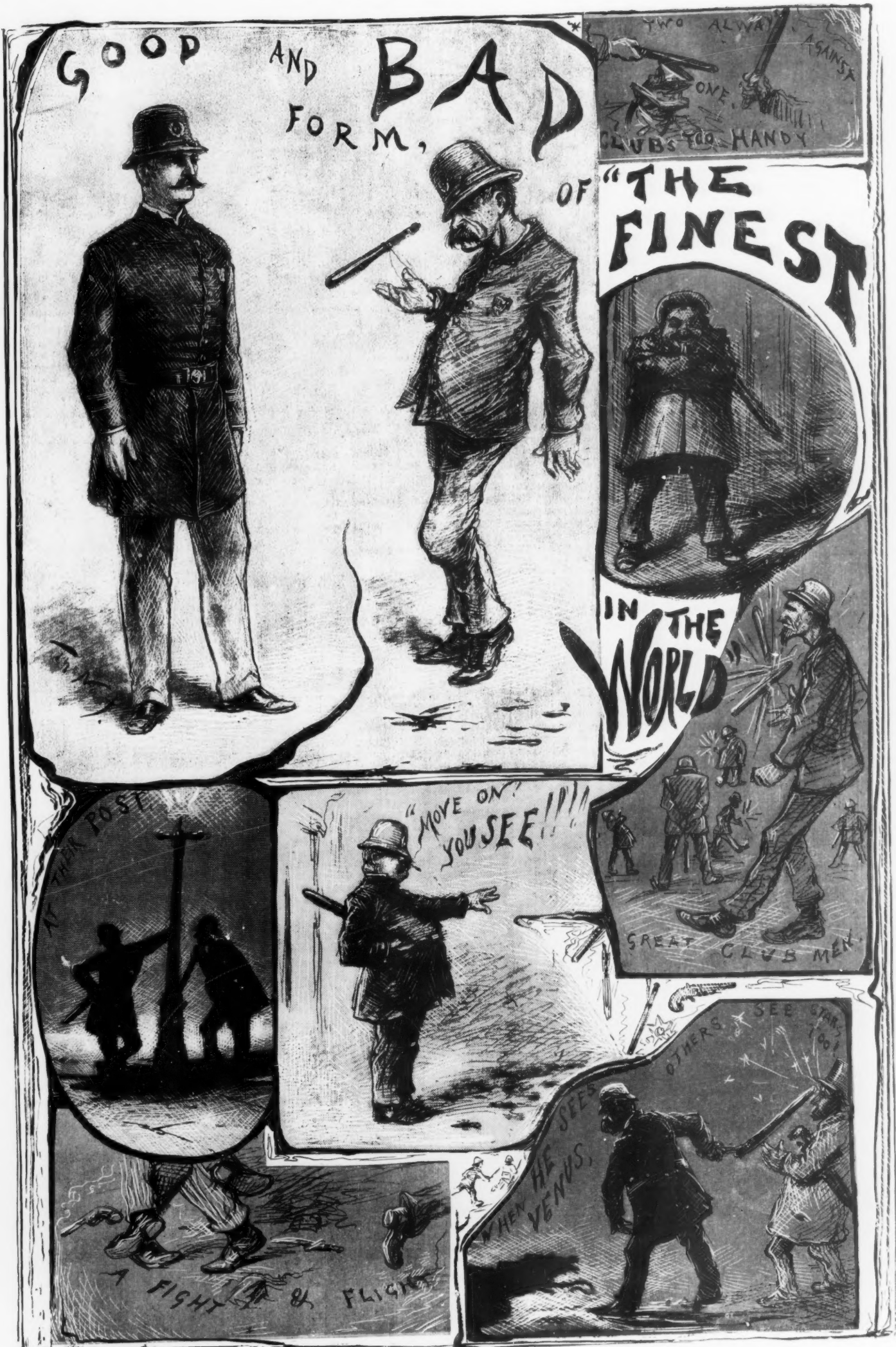
Water froze to the thickness of an inch at Carlton, Minn.

The Grand Trunk Railroad Company has raised the wages of its employees ten per cent.

Peter Redpath has signified his intention of presenting the Gill University, of Montreal, with a one-hundred-thousand-dollar library building.

By a collision between a passenger and a freight train recently at St. Leonhard's station, Brunswick, four persons were killed and about twenty injured.





## SILENT GIFT.

BY K. E. WEBB.

Thou half-way up the long steep hill of Fame;  
I at its foot, obscure, well-nigh unknown,  
Having no home, no wealth, to call my own,  
Seeing life's toil stretch on through years the same—  
What could I give that now thou canst not claim?  
The love of friends, loud praise's stirring tone,  
Success in work—while I who stand alone  
Look up, but dare not speak for very shame.  
Yet to myself I whisper soft and low,  
Something I, too, could bring, his life to bless,  
A gift whose sweetness none shall ever know,  
Because none other may the shrine possess  
That holds the treasure—but a woman's heart—  
A little thing! Yet of all things apart.

## A VISIT TO THE LICK OBSERVATORY.



HE traveler who desires to see the largest telescope on the planet must come to San José—pronounced San Hosay. It was one of the conditions of the Lick bequest that the County of Santa Clara, of which San José is the capital, should build a carriage road to the summit of Mount Hamilton. The road cost nearly one hundred thousand dollars. San José lies fifty miles, by rail, south of San Francisco. The mail stage for Mount Hamilton leaves the beautiful grounds of the Hotel Vendome at half-past seven o'clock every day except Sunday. In company with Professor Joseph Swain, of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, your correspondent took his seat, and promptly on time our Jehu—an old California stage-driver—cracked his whip and we were off. Along First street, and turning the corner of the other main street, called Santa Clara—which, by the way, is ornamented with a commercial bank at each of the four corners—we swept along the latter street straight as an arrow towards the foothills. The mountains stood up before us dark and blue, with a white patch here and there. The sun glinted through the tall eucalyptus trees which shaded Santa Clara street at either side. The sky above the mountains was clear blue, with here and there a patch of white, and on the highest summit to our right the driver pointed out Mount Hamilton and the observatory sitting on its tip top. It looked the size of a goose egg, and could not be recognized but for its symmetrical shape and its pure white color against the navy blue sky. Away we go, raising clouds of dust and meeting many teams loaded with hay and wheat, and always enveloped in a cloud of dust. Four miles from town we turn to the right into Mount Hamilton avenue and commence to ascend, and we keep on ascending till we come to the Grand View House, fifteen hundred feet above San José. Here we halt a few minutes and take a peep at the Santa Clara Valley at our feet, which looks green with its innumerable fruit orchards of plums, prunes, apricots, pears and peaches. Off again—still uphill; but soon we reach the summit of what is called the first range, and we descend in Hall's Valley. The heat in this valley was ninety degrees in the shade at 10 A.M.; but it did not feel uncomfortably warm, owing to the exceeding dryness of the atmosphere. The mountain-side looked dry, very dry—in fact, quite parched. No rain had been seen in this valley for nine months! Yet it was said the hay crop was so large that prices were down to sixteen dollars per ton. Still going up, we soon arrived at Smith Creek, 2,146 feet above the sea. Here we dined. We are now 2,152 feet below the summit, and yet have seven miles to go. "Now," said our driver, "the real climb will commence," and sure enough it did. We were twenty miles from San José, and not quite half way up. Three hours ago we saw the observatory looking like a goose egg; now we saw it looking like an inflated balloon just ready to ascend. As we walked, and trotted, and galloped, at intervals clouds of dust came aboard and nearly choked us; but we were so busily looking very interestedly at the road that we didn't mind it. Our main subject of discussion was how expertly we could jump out of the mail wagon in case the horses decided to vary a few feet from the beaten path; for, in such a case, you would have no ac-

count of this trip to Mount Hamilton from this writer. But along we went, now within a foot of the verge of a precipice a thousand feet deep, and again, on the verge of a canyon two thousand feet below us. Hundreds of feet under us we could see a dozen or more large hawks floating in the air, while around us on all sides was an ocean of mountain-tops. After turning and twisting over the crookedest road on the face of the earth—there are, by count, three hundred and ninety turns—we finally reach the top, where we arrived in five hours from San José.

The observatory and astronomers' residences cover completely the whole top of the mountain, and it had to be cut down at an expense of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars to do this. There is bare room for the winding road until it lands you at the door. Then you perceive that the building is quite extensive, with a great white dome seventy-five feet in diameter at one end, and a smaller dome at the other. We were met at the door by the astronomer-in-chief, Professor Holden, and some of his assistants. Having registered our names in the visitors' book, we were shown under the great dome where is mounted the large telescope. No explanation could give the reader any adequate idea of the great size and mechanical perfection of the great telescope. It must be seen and described verbally by one of the astronomers. To give a picture of the work of an astronomical observatory, of the results which it seeks for, of the ideals it keeps in view, of its relation to the community, and finally of the relation of each member of the community to it, would more than fill all the columns of ONCE A WEEK. We will, therefore, merely tell of one celestial object alone which we viewed with great interest. This was the star "Arcturus." We looked at this star through the twelve-inch refractor, said to be the most perfect instrument of its kind in the world. The astronomer pulled a cord, and lo! the shutters of the great north dome flew apart, revealing a blue and cloudless sky. Then the great glass was shot out like a great gun through the port-hole of a man-of-war. We put our eye to the glass, and there, dancing in very brilliant light—far more brilliant than ever star looked to the naked eye—was "Arcturus." "That star," said the astronomer, "is seventy millions of miles in diameter. It is traveling at the rate of three hundred and seventy-five thousand miles per second. It is five hundred thousand times larger than the sun, and its light, traveling at the rate of three hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second, takes five hundred years to reach the earth."

Continuing, the astronomer said: "If that star was placed between the earth and the sun it would fill up the whole space between, except a mere hand's-breadth of two and a half million miles." "How far, then, is Arcturus from the earth?" we ventured to ask. The astronomer either winked or smiled and said, "Ask me something easy; there are too many figures; you wouldn't remember them. But," said he, continuing, "this star is the only one mentioned in the Bible." "If you wish, you can tell me where it is mentioned." It was our time to ask him something easy. "Well," said he, "out of the hosts of visitors we have here from every part of the world, but one English lady and a colored preacher from South Carolina ever answered the question. The English lady answered, 'The Book of Job,' and quoted the verse, knowing it was this star you are looking at that was meant; but the colored preacher said one of his congregation named one of his daughters Arcturus, and took it from the same source, but thought that Arcturus was some great queen of the olden times."

There are, we should think, more than twenty telescopes of different sizes in the observatory, besides twice as many clocks and chronometers, as also a comet-seeker, a photoheliograph, an equatorial, a Repsold meridian circle, a transit and zenith telescope, besides chronographs, spectrometers, seismometers, or earthquake-measuring instruments, seismographs, barometers, wind and rain gauges, etc.

Two hours were occupied in looking through the observatory, but to do it justice would require a week. The mail stage started down the mountain at full speed, all breaks on, and the way it wheeled around the corner would make the hair of any but a California stage driver's head stand on end. In three hours the monster dome once more became the size



of a goose egg, and as we rattled through the streets of San José we could not but reflect, first, a little on the star Arcturus, and, second, on the progressive age in which we live, which, by the aid of the generous gift of the immortal Lick, turned the desolate summit of a mountain, four thousand three hundred feet high, into one of the most important, if not the most important, of the great observatories in the world.

D. J. K.

## THE DIAMOND.

THE poet describes it in these words:

"Hardness invincible, which naught can tame,  
Untouched by steel, unconquered by the flame."

The diamond surpasses all other precious stones in hardness, and can not only scratch or engrave any gem, but can do it without injury to itself; and, combined with this, it possesses the power of bending the rays of light out of their usual course, and scattering them, and the beautiful play of colors described as its "fire" is owing to this peculiarity. The prismatic colors are seen to the greatest advantage by artificial light, wax candles being more favorable for producing the best effect than even gas. No acids seem to have any influence upon the diamond, although it has been demonstrated that it can be destroyed by intense heat. It is a popular delusion that the diamond is unbreakable, as it can be broken by the blow of a hammer, pulverized in a mortar, and split at the point of cleavage by a knife and a sharp blow. Sir Thomas Overbury was poisoned in the Tower of London by a potion containing a preparation of diamond powder.

Before the discovery of the Brazilian mines, the principal supply came from India, and it is estimated that, during the first half century after their discovery, the value of the diamonds exported from the mines of Brazil reached the sum of sixty millions of dollars; but this is a mere bagatelle to the amount unearthed in the South African fields during the last eighteen years, being eight tons in weight, representing a total value of two hundred and eighty millions of dollars. The rarity of large diamonds has caused the greatest interest to be taken in their history, as without taking the "Braganza" into account, there are only nine known diamonds whose weight exceeds two hundred carats, and about twenty over one hundred; all the rest of the celebrated diamonds fall below one hundred carats in weight. The Braganza is 1,680 carats, or nearly twelve ounces in weight; but as the Emperor of Brazil has never allowed it to be fairly tested by experts, it is shrewdly suspected to be nothing more than a very fine colorless topaz. The historical gem of all others is undoubtedly the Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light. The Hindoos claim that its pedigree can be clearly traced for nearly two thousand years. It was for centuries in the family of the Rajah of Mahdar, one of the ancient native princes, until, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, it passed into the hands of the Mahomedan conquerors of India, and was one of the most valuable gems in the imperial treasury at Delhi, until carried off by the Persian conqueror, Nadir Shah, in 1739. It is said that Nadir secured the gem by the following stratagem: Not finding it in the treasury at Delhi, he made up his mind that the dethroned monarch had concealed it in his turban. He, therefore, arranged for a grand entertainment, and to show his high regard for his unwilling guest, and before re-establishing him upon his throne (he in token of his everlasting friendship) proposed the exchange of turbans, which was tantamount to a command. It turned out a shrewd speculation, as, upon examining the turban at his leisure, he found the gem concealed in one of its folds; and so enraptured was he at its brilliancy, that he exclaimed "Koh-i-Nûr;" hence its present name. After the assassination of Nadir it passed to the Afghan monarch; and after the subjugation of the Sikhs, the East India Company presented it to Queen Victoria. The Hindoos believe that this gem brings certain ruin upon the person or dynasty possessing it, and it is a singular historical fact that every owner except the last was the victim of adverse fortune. If a ruler, his own power, or that of his line, was overthrown; and the death of the Prince Consort, and the Sepoy mutiny, that nearly lost India to England, are credited to the malign influence of this gem, by the superstitious natives of India. This stone was recut at a cost of forty thousand dollars, reducing it greatly in size, but increasing its luster; it weighs a little over 100 carats. The Nizam of Hyderabad has a





diamond weighing 340 carats in the rough, and the Rajah of Mataban one of 367 carats. The only thing interesting about these, with the exception of their size and value, is that the Dutch offered for the latter an equivalent in gunboats, stores and money equal to one million of dollars. Russia is very rich in brilliants. The gem of the collection is the famous "Orloff," which weighs 193 carats, and is as large as half a pigeon's egg. This diamond formed one of the eyes of the famous idol of Brama, in the Temple of Scheringham, and was abstracted by a French soldier who, having artfully secured the confidence of the chief priests, by simulating an ardent zeal for their religion, obtained permission to guard the temple, and took advantage of a stormy night to secure the gem, with which he fled to Madras, and sold it for ten thousand dollars to an English captain, who sold it to a Jew for sixty thousand; and from him it passed to a Greek merchant, who sold it to Catherine of Russia for three hundred and sixty thousand dollars down, and an annuity of twenty thousand dollars. The Russian Court has two other historical diamonds; one, weighing ninety-five carats, belonged anciently to the Sofi of Persia, and is known as the Shah, and the other is called the Moon of Mountains, a superb diamond; and, finally, there is the unique red brilliant, bought by Paul I. for 100,000 roubles. The house of Austria possesses a lovely diamond, called the Grand Duke of Tuscany. It weighs 139 carats, and is covered with facets which form a star with nine rays. It belonged to Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, who, lost it with another smaller one (which now adorns the tiara of the Pope), at the battle of Morat. The Sancy has a most romantic history, too long to be given at length. Briefly, it was worn by Charles the Bold in his helmet at the fatal battle of Granson, and picked up by a Swiss soldier, who sold it for half a dollar to a priest; and he, ignorant of its value, resold it for one dollar to some unknown person, and its history is lost until, some hundred years after the death of the Duke, it reappears in the possession of the Court of Portugal, who pledged and afterwards sold it to De Sancy, Treasurer to the King of France. Some time after, the king being pressed for money to pay his mercenaries, borrowed the diamond in order to raise a loan upon it; entrusted it to a faithful servant, with the understanding that, should he be waylaid, he was to swallow the gem. The messenger was waylaid, robbed and murdered, and on his body being found, it was opened by the order of the king, and the diamond was found in his stomach. One of the barons of this family gave it to James II., who, when in exile, sold it to Louis XIV. It disappeared from the French Treasury in 1792, but it turned up again in the hands of a partisan of the Bourbons, in 1835, who sold it to Prince Demidoff. The finest, although not the largest of known brilliants, is the Pitt or Regent, weighing 136 carats. It was found by a slave in the Indian mines at Puteal, in 1701, who concealed it and fled to the coast, and was decoyed for the sake of his prize, by the captain of an English vessel, robbed and murdered. The captain who committed the crime sold it for five thousand dollars, which he spent in reckless dissipation, and ended his career by hanging himself. The next we hear of this gem is that it was purchased by Thomas Pitt, Governor of Fort George, Madras, and grandfather of the famous First Earl of Chatham, for sixty thousand dollars, and sold to the Regent of France, some years after, for six hundred and seventy-five thousand. This stone was instrumental in establishing Napoleon's power, as by pledging it with the Dutch, he obtained the necessary funds to prosecute his ambitious designs; and, upon his accession to power, he redeemed the gem and wore it in his sword of State.

There are a few famous colored diamonds. The Hope and Brunswick are of a lovely blue, and at Dresden there is a magnificent emerald-green stone originally worn by Augustus, Elector of Saxony, as a button for his hat-band.

One of the most interesting table diamonds in history was purchased by George II. when he was Regent, and cost one hundred thousand dollars. The Prince presented it to Mrs. Fitzherbert, who had the diamond split in half, and her miniature on ivory was made into a locket, of which the half diamond formed the glass, and the portrait of the prince was inclosed in a similar one. She then presented the portrait to him and retained his. Some time after it was decided by Parliament that the sum of many millions of dollars should be voted to pay his debts; the condition attached was that he should marry Caroline of Brunswick. It was then arranged that the Prince should return all presents received from Mrs. Fitzherbert, and she was to do the same. But she did not receive the locket containing her portrait, with the other articles, and was too proud to insist upon its return. Years passed, and one day the Duke of Wellington was dining with a few intimate friends, when one of the ladies (a great friend of Mrs. Fitzherbert) said: "Your Grace, being the executor of the late king, must know what has become of the missing diamond locket." The Duke was observed to change color, and, upon being pressed, acknowledged that his curiosity had been excited by the request of the king that nothing should be removed from his body, but that he should be buried in the things he was wearing; and having noticed that the king wore round his neck a narrow black ribbon, he could not resist, after his death, looking to see what was attached to it, and found the missing diamond locket, with the portrait of Mrs. Fitzherbert, which was buried with him.

Talking of portraits in connection with diamonds, one of the most remarkable was seen by the writer, at the loan collection of miniature portraits, held at South Kensington Museum many years ago. It was the property of the Duke of Northumberland, and consisted of a locket an inch wide, with a portrait of Charles I. made from the king's hair, which had been dipped in his blood on the scaffold. A large table diamond formed the glass, surrounded by about fifteen exquisitely matched green diamonds, together forming one of the most interesting features of the unique exhibition, comprising, as it did, a col-

lection contributed by the nobles and gentry of Great Britain, of their ancestral portraits in miniature, going back to the time of Henry VIII. and Holbein.

### THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.



WITH the exception of the matter mailed by Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Grant, widows of Presidents of the United States, only official communications are allowed free transit through the mails, and, in the case of Congressmen, these are limited to extracts from the *Congressional Record*, public documents printed by order of Congress, and seeds. Yet, even with this limitation placed upon it, the franking privilege costs the Government each year between five and six million dollars. Postmaster-General Wanamaker, in his last report, calls attention to the fact that his department is required to bear this burden without any recompense and without receiving any credit on the books of the Government. Before the repeal of all the franking privileges, in 1873, Congress made a specific appropriation each year to pay the expenses of handling franked matter. When the franking privilege was repealed, provision was made for compensating the postal service for the carriage of official matter for the Executive Departments, through the use of special stamps issued by the Post-Office Department. But the cost of printing these stamps was regarded as a useless expenditure, so they were recalled and a new act was passed providing for the use of "penalty" envelopes, and in this form official matter is now sent through the mails. The "penalty" envelope merely has in the corner:

#### "OFFICIAL BUSINESS."

"Any person using this envelope to avoid the payment of postage on private matter of any kind will be subject to a fine of THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS."

The franking privilege has been an institution of our Government almost since the establishment of the postal service. A limited postal service was established September 22, 1789, and as early as March 3, 1791, we find Congress providing that all letters to and from the Treasurer, Comptroller and Auditor of the Treasury, and from the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury on the public service shall be received and conveyed free of charge. The privilege was extended from time to time, with occasional restrictions and minor retrenchments, until it had reached such enormous proportions that it threatened to hamper seriously the operations of the Post-Office Department. So in 1873 it was repealed. The chief immediate cause of this repeal was the abuse of the privilege by members of Congress. They had become so free in the use of it that they were transmitting every character of matter through the mails without regard to the spirit or intent of the law. It is historical that many members of Congress were in the habit of having the Post-Office Department transport their family washing. A result of the comment of the daily press upon the abuse of this privilege, was the enactment in June, 1872, of a law placing a limit upon it. But the public outcry became too great before the end of that year, and in January, 1873, an act was passed providing for the absolute abolition of the franking privilege on and after July 1st. The form of this act not being regarded as complete, another was passed in March providing for the repeal, June 30th, of all laws permitting the transportation of free matter through the mails. The rights enjoyed by the officers of the Government, and particularly by members of Congress, have never been fully restored since that time, and there is no likelihood that they will be restored. Postmaster-General Creswell recommended the abolition of the franking privilege, and in his report to Congress on the subject he stated that the cost to the Government annually was about \$2,543,327. What portion of this was monopolized by Congress can be estimated approximately by comparing this annual saving with the revenue realized by the Post-Office Department from the sale of stamps to the other departments of the Government, for transmitting official matter during the year ending June 30, 1874. This was the first year after the abolition of the franking privilege, and the departments of the Government, for the transaction of public business, bought from the Post-Office Department stamps to the value of \$1,750,301.86. This, to be sure, did not include the supplies needed in the departments, which were transmitted under a printed certificate.

The prospective saving to the Government by the abolition of the franking privilege, was put to an ingenious use in February, 1873, by General B. F. Butler, of Massachusetts, in his report on what is now familiarly and historically known as the "salary grab." On a proposition to increase the salaries of members of the House and Senate, from five thousand dollars a year to eight thousand dollars a year, General Butler reported, from the Committee on the Judiciary, that the salary was decidedly inadequate, and that great inequalities existed, growing out of the question of mileage. The committee proposed that this mileage should be equalized, that the stationery and newspaper account should be abolished, and that the salaries of members and Senators should be raised to eight thousand dollars a year each. This increase in salary would cost the Government \$972,000 per year, while the increases proposed at the same time in the salary of the President, the members of the Cabinet and the Judges of the Supreme Court, would bring the sum up to \$1,029,500. But this increase, General Butler proposed, should be offset by the saving to the Government by the abolition of mileage, etc., \$300,000, and by the saving to the Government which was to follow the abolition of the franking privilege the following June, nearly three million dollars. He figured that the Congress which enacted this wise law, or rather these wise laws, would have saved the Government the neat little sum of \$1,713,827 a year. General Butler's ingenious reasoning prevailed, in part at least, and the

Congress, in a sudden spasm of generosity, not only passed a law which increased the salaries of members from five thousand to seven thousand five hundred dollars per annum, but made that law retroactive, so that it covered the period during which these statesmen had served. The outcry that went up all over the country was so overwhelming that the next Congress made haste to repeal the objectionable act, and the salaries of members of Congress were returned to the old basis of five thousand dollars a year, where they now are.

The franking privilege is used to-day chiefly by the Executive Departments of the Government for the transmission of official letters, reports, etc. The law of March 3, 1875, provided that the privilege be extended to the *Congressional Record*, or parts of the *Record*, or speeches or reports which have been printed therein to be sent under the frank of a member or a delegate written by himself; and to public documents printed or ordered for Congress, and to seeds furnished by the Department of Agriculture; and the seed privilege especially was extended to a member of Congress for the nine months following the expiration of his term. At that time the documents sent out by executive departments were sent under a special stamp printed for that use; but after a time it was thought that the printing of these stamps was an unnecessary expense, and so the "penalty" envelope was introduced. The President of the United States may send official communications free of charge, and, if he chooses, he may send to a correspondent a "penalty" envelope, to be used in sending a reply to an official communication. So the heads of the departments and all the department bureaus have the privilege of the franking act for official correspondence. Congressmen use it chiefly for sending through the mails speeches made on the floors of the Houses of Congress. These speeches are reprinted by the public printer in pamphlet form at the expense of the member, and he has the privilege of sending them out to any part of the United States free of charge. The amount of this work done during a political campaign is enormous. Many speeches are made on the floors of the two Houses of Congress for the express purpose of circulation throughout the country for political purposes. Frequently members of the House will obtain permission to print speeches which have never been delivered, but which will appear in the *Congressional Record*, as though they had been delivered on the floor of the House, and will, therefore, come within the limitations of the franking act. Some idea of the amount of work done in sending out these speeches may be gathered from the fact that the material used in folding, wrapping and tying speeches and pamphlets on the Senate side of the Capitol during the year ending June 30, 1889, alone was \$20,000. The writing of autograph franks, where enormous numbers of speeches were sent out, became a great nuisance, and Congressmen soon obtained the privilege of delegating the work of writing signatures to clerks and others who represented them. After a time a ruling was made permitting the use of rubber stamps in fac-simile of the signatures of members, and these stamps are now very generally used. The franking privilege is often abused by members of Congress indirectly—that is, by those whom they authorize to use their signatures in franking mail matter. But there is no law to punish this act, and nothing ever comes of the complaints made concerning it.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

### THE LAST LETTER OF CHARLES DICKENS.

CHARLES DICKENS'S last letter, one of the most interesting that he ever wrote, came into the market a few days ago at Bristol, and was speedily snapped up for a couple of guineas. It was written to a Mr. Makeham, and runs as follows:

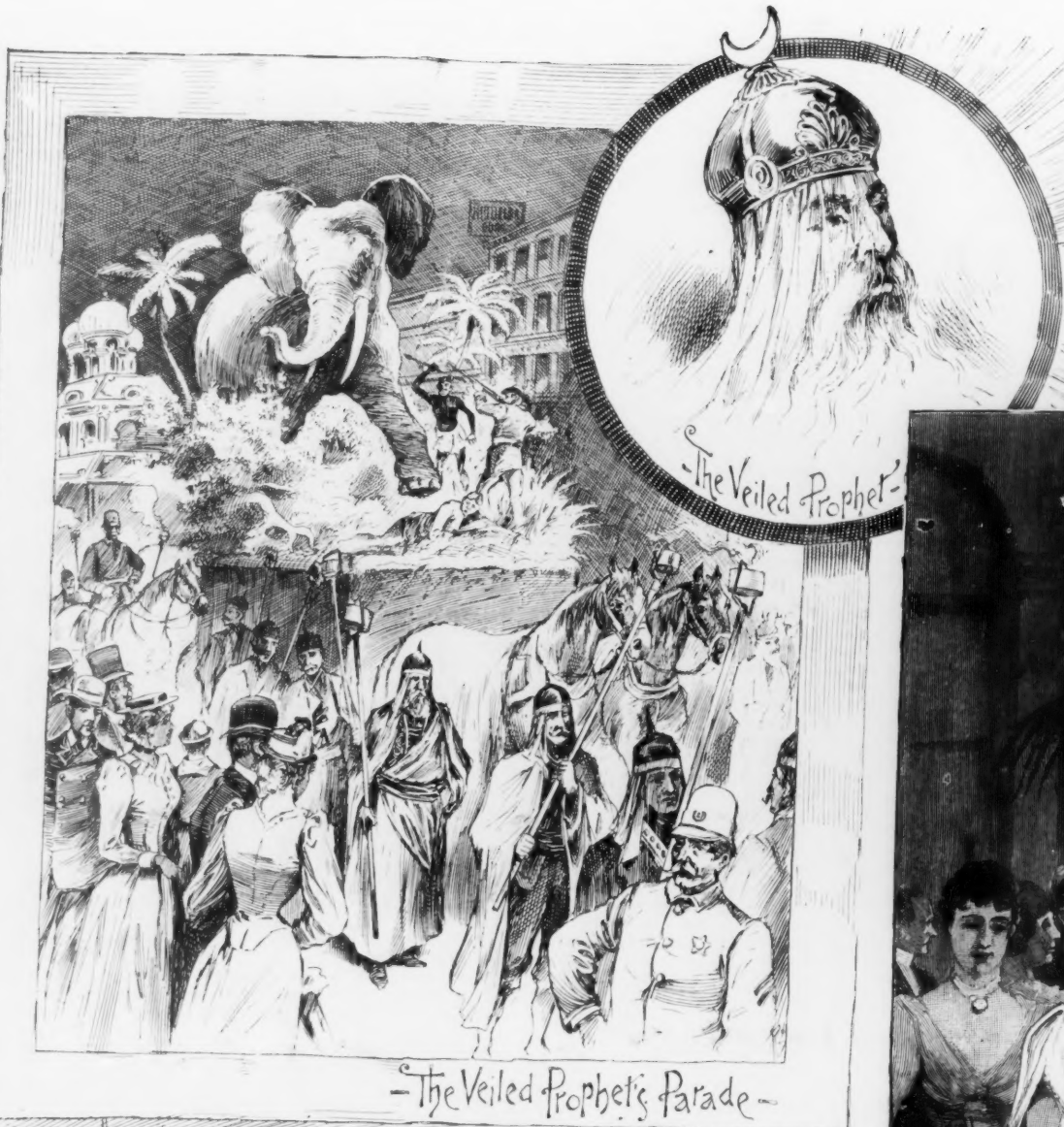
"It would be quite inconceivable to me—but for your letter—that any reasonable reader could possibly attach a scriptural reference to a passage in a book of mine, reproducing a much-abused social figure of speech, impressed into all sorts of service on all sorts of inappropriate occasions, without the faintest connection of it with its original source. I am truly shocked to find that any reader can make the mistake.

"I have always striven in my writings to express veneration for the life and lessons of our Saviour, because I feel it; and because I rewrote that history for my children—every one of whom knew it from having it repeated to them long before they could read, and almost as soon as they could speak.

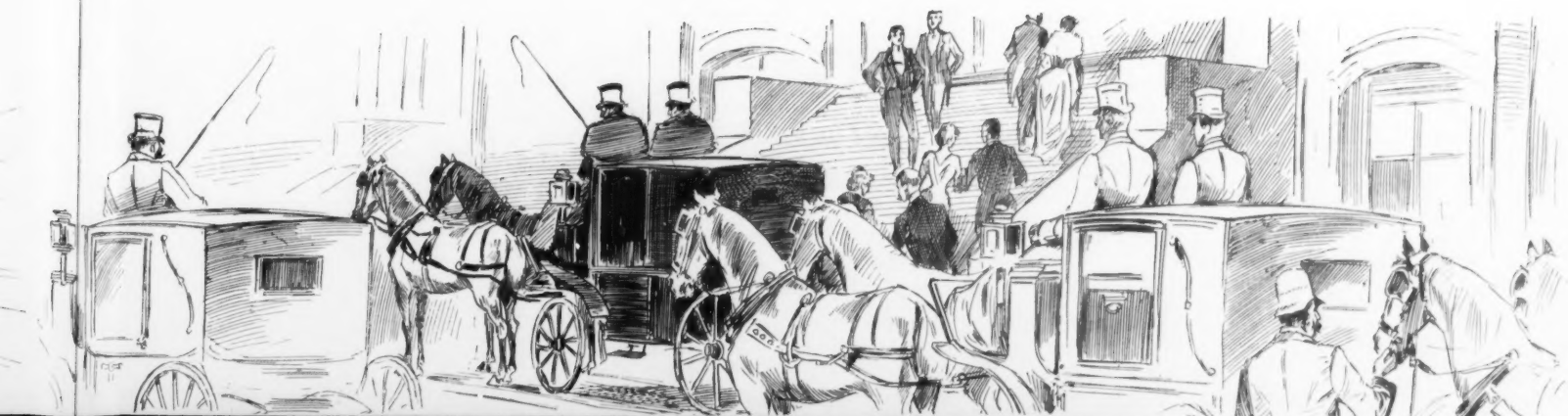
"But I have never made proclamation of this from the housetops."

Mr. Makeham explained in the *Daily News* the circumstances under which he wrote to Dickens, after the novelist's death. The figure of speech of which this gentleman complained was drawn, he says, "from a passage of the Holy Writ, which is greatly revered by a large number of his countrymen as a prophetic description of the sufferings of our Saviour," and is to be found in the tenth chapter of "Edwin Drood." Dickens, in describing how the mother of the Rev. Minor Canon Septimus Crisparkle would always take her son to a medicine herb closet, and, if she noticed the most imperceptible pimple on his manly brow, says: "Into this herbaceous penitentiary would the Reverend Septimus submissively be led, like the highly popular lamb who has so long and unresistingly been led, to the slaughter, and there would he, unlike that lamb, bore nobody but himself."

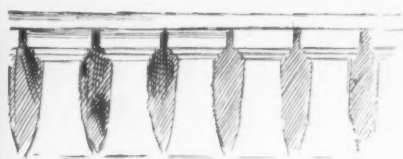
In order to be a successful teacher of boys, it is necessary to be their friend. It is necessary not only to take an interest in seeing that their lessons are properly recited, but to be sure also that they understand what they are doing and take an interest in it; make them feel that it is their business now, and that their future success in life depends on their doing their work well in the present. Boys like a friend, not an overseer.







At the Entrance to Merchant's Exchange.



In the Gallery.



—The Ball—



Gov. Francis and Party at the Ball.

## IN MORTAL PERIL.

BY RICHARD DOWLING,

Author of "The Mystery of Killard,"  
"An Isle of Surrey," etc.

II.—(CONTINUED.)



"It's a tramp," thought Lee; "poor fellow, he may be tired." He said, "If you like, you may sit down and rest. I'm all by myself, and will be glad of a chat."

man. He took a low stool between the door and the well-head. Lee leaned against the door jamb, and seeing the other did not appear disposed to contribute much to the conversation, and being in exuberant spirits himself, he went on talking of what he knew most about, his engine, excluding technicalities out of consideration for the ignorance of his visitor.

"Lots of people don't know much about an engine. Do you?"

"Nothing."

"Well, now, of course you must have fire and water, or you can't have steam, and if you can't have steam, where are you to get your pressure? And without your pressure your engine is only fit to break up for old iron."

"Ay," said the other, without any manner of interest. He sat so that he could see, without moving, Lee's coat, in which he knew the gold had been sewn.

"Fire and water and pressure are all very well in their own way, but you may have too much of any of them. If you have too much water, you can't get steam; and if you have too much fire, you have too much pressure; and if you have too much pressure, you have a burst. Do you see?"

"Oh, yes."

"You saw me shut the furnace door now? Well, I did that to blow up the fire, same as a bellows. But I mustn't leave it shut too long, or I should have too much steam."

"You would?" said the tramp, in a tone of awakening interest. "And if you had too much steam?"

"Why, then, I'd have a burst."

"So that, suppose you fell asleep now, the engine would burst?"

"Yes, if it didn't wake me before."

"And if it burst 't would blow down this place?" He was now very much interested indeed.

"Well, I can't say for certain, but very likely."

"And you are all alone and no one is coming here to-night?"

"No one is coming here," said Lee, with emphasis on the last word for the delight of his own ears, and a smile on his face, for thinking of Kate coming to the corner of the wood to meet him on his way home.

"Ah!" said the tramp, getting up, and keeping his hand on the bar across the head of the well and his back to the fly-wheel.

"Are you thinking of going?" asked Lee, coming in from the door, and standing in front of the stranger.

"Yes, I must be getting on, and I'd be very much obliged, gov'nor, if you'd spare me another fill of tobacco."

"To be sure," said Lee, handing him the tin box.

The hands of the tramp had grown strangely clumsy. He was not able to fill his pipe at once. Something seemed wrong with his fingers, and in the end all the tobacco fell out of the box and dropped to the floor close to the edge of the well. He stooped to pick it up, but failed to bend low enough.

"My back!" he exclaimed. "I've the rheumatics. Beg pardon, gov'nor; I can't stoop."

"Never mind," said Lee; "I'll get it."

The young man leaned forward under the iron bar until his hand touched the floor where the tobacco lay, and his head was over the well. Quick as lightning the other man sprang behind the stooping man and pushed him forward and downward.

With a cry of horror and despair, William Lee shot into the blind abyss of the well.

With a cry like the growl of a wild beast, the tramp leaped upon the jacket lying on the bench, rolled it up with frantic haste, and thrust it under his coat. Then, without looking to the right or left, he dashed out of the engine-house, muttering—

"Let it burst now and bury him!"

The engine went on quietly and evenly. The plungers of the pump rose and fell with their dull, dead thud. The water escaping far down in the well hissed in the depth and rayless night of the humid shaft.

## III.

"WHAT can be keeping him? It was just nine when I left the house. It must be past nine now—quite a quarter past. This is the first time he ever was late with me. I hope nothing is wrong. I did feel uneasy about his having all that money with him. But it's safe enough stitched up in his pocket."

The girl paced up and down the deserted road in the deep darkness of the hour. No timid blood ran in her veins, and she scorned the fear of solitude and night as a weakness or an affectation. She possessed the strict sincerity of simple natures, and had looked with indifference on all men until she gave her heart away for good and all.

There was no timid blood in her veins, but now her soul had cause of fear. She had no jealous or exacting doubt of her lover. She did not explain to herself his tardiness by any assurance of want of thought or ardor. She knew he would be with her if possible. What could be keeping him? Something serious, beyond all doubt—something of grave and unpleasant moment. Something dire and unforeseen. She would, she could, bear suspense no longer. She must know all—the worst.

Gathering her shawl around her, she turned into the by-road leading to the Tower, and hurried forward. When she had got half-way she paused to look and listen.

She had been walking in the middle of the road. She moved to the left-hand side so as to command a view of the Tower door.

She bent her head forward and looked.

Close to the ground in front of her burned a fiery light, like the eye of some gigantic beast crouching low for the spring. From this blazing eye now and then fell glittering drops like incandescent tears.

"The furnace! But I never saw it burn so bright before."

There was a loud whirling and buzzing and groaning in the air fronting her, and the air around her shook and murmured.

"The engine! but I never heard it go so frantically before. Oh, what is the matter?"

She bent her head and caught her breath, and ran at the top of her speed towards the flaming eye—the panting beast.

In the doorway of the Tower she paused. By the light of the red-hot furnace door she saw the great wheel flying round like a circle of polished copper. She heard the pistons of the engine panting faster than a dog wild with flight. She felt the air of the room beat against her like the heart of a bird mad with terror. She felt the walls of the Tower vibrate like the parchment of a beaten drum.

"Will! Will! Where are you, Will?"

Out of the bowels of the earth beneath her came the answer:

"Fly!"

"Will! Where are you? Speak!"

"Away! For your life! Away!"

"Where are you?"

She crosses the floor and stands close to the whirling fly-wheel—close to the yawning abyss.

Up out of that abyss comes the voice a third time:

"Fly, for your life. The engine must burst in a few minutes. Fly!"

She now knows whence the voice comes. She leans over. She can see nothing. It seems as though the Tower must be shaken down from its summit.

"What can I do for you?"

"Fly, I say! Fly at once if you love me. I am a dead man. There is not a moment. Go, I say, or I will think you hate me. Save yourself; I am a dead man."

"I will not go."

She kneels down and leans over the pit.

"Go, or I shall curse you with my dying breath. I'm a dead man. Nothing can save me. Oh, give me the one thought to cheer me before the end, Kate—the thought that you are safe!"

"I will stay and die with you," she says.

"I tell you it is a matter of a few seconds. Oh, go, go! For the love of me—for the love of Heaven—fly!"

"I shall stay and die with you."

"You are not going! I can hear by your voice you are looking down. Listen, while you are there the plates of the boilers are opening. In a minute you must die if you stay."

"I shall stay and die. Can I do nothing while I wait? Can I not let off steam?"

"No, no; that would be sudden death."

"Let water into the boiler?"

"No, no; that would be worse."

"Can I do nothing for you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, my darling, you can."

"What?"

"Fly!"

"I have told you I shall die here. Can I do nothing for you, darling; for us?"

"Then, in Heaven's name, be it! Take the rod by the door, and knock out the furnace bars."

"Yes, I know. How?"

"Open the furnace and prise the bars up."

"Yes."

She springs up, wheels round, and seizes the long bar standing by the door.

She knows more of these things than other women: he has told her much. By nature she is stronger than most women.

The thought that she is trying to save him gives her the strength of a man.

She knocks up the latch of the furnace door and opens the door, and thrusts the long iron rod desperately into the fiercely-burning fire. She raises the rod high above her head, and drives it down between two of the bars, and then springs into the air, and clutching the rod above her head, brings her whole weight on her iron lever.

In the furnace rises a volcano of flame, followed by a subsidence, and then a heavy fall of red-hot coal to the bed of ashes beneath.

In the sheet of liquid flame there is a break—a bar had fallen.

Then another, and another, and another. The rod has grown red-hot and bends.

"Four are out. The rod is red," she cries down the well.

"Cool it in the tank outside."

She dashes out and returns in a moment with the hissing and smoking iron in her hand.

After a while she calls down once more, "They are all out but three."

"That will do. We are saved. Sit down and rest."

"Can I do no more?"

"No. The engine will stop of itself. Sit down and rest."

Then she faints.

"When I was shot down the well," said William Lee, explaining to Fred Merrick, on Monday, as he was coming back from identifying Wood, the tramp, and his coat, and the brown-paper bag in which the money had been found save a sovereign and a half, "I caught the rods of the plungers in both arms, and before I knew where I was, found myself stopped by the head of the pump—that's forty feet down. The rods broke my fall so that I was not much hurt, though a good deal shaken. I tried half a dozen times to get up by the rods, but found I couldn't. They were too close together to use only one, and when I caught the two, the down stroke pushed me back faster than I could climb up. So I stood on the head of the pump and gave myself up for lost, for I knew from the water and the fire I had left in the engine that the boiler must burst. Well, I can't think of it now, but you know how she came and knocked the bars out and fainted and got help when she came to. I wonder I didn't turn gray. It makes me shiver to think of it. It's her willingness to die with me more than her saving my life that breaks me down. I feel that nearly too much to bear."

THE END.

## A HAUNTED JAIL.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS,

Author of "The Chronicles of Newgate,"  
"Fast and Loose," etc.

## I.

"I think that I should live to see this day!" said old Asa Sharland, the gate-keeper—he had been "on the lock" for thirty odd years—as he opened the grim portals of the Rye-chester County Jail for the last time. Its occupation and his were gone. The gates, so jealously guarded for generations, opened and shut with all the pomp and particularity of a stronghold consecrated to the service of justice, would be needed no more. The jail from henceforth would be perpetually empty of prisoners. The flat of authority had gone forth to discontinue it as a place of confinement, and the massive mediæval-looking building, with its tall, black facade frowning over its lofty walls, shorn of its real purpose, was like the inert carcass of a strong man suddenly deprived of life.

Fate had been hard to Asa Sharland in recent days. Troubles had fallen thickly upon him. His wife, a loving helpmate through a long course of happy years, had died; the misconduct of a scapegrace, only son, had broken her heart. This son had disappeared in circumstances that brought shame upon the honest, law-abiding old official. Now Asa was to be exiled, as he thought, from the home of his youth. He had been born in the jail lodge, where his father had held the same office before him; he had hoped to die there, succeeded by the son who had early gone astray. Nothing remained to cheer his declining years but the love of his daughter Sabina—a sweet and proper maiden enough; but she, after the manner of maidens, was sharpening another shaft by fixing her affections upon a man of whom her father would not approve.

From mere habit, Asa Sharland closed the gates with a clang. He barred and treble locked them, although there was no longer need for these precautions. The jail had ceased to be a place of security. It was a howling wilderness rather, deserted by every occupant, voluntary or involuntary, save this one lonely, sorrowful old man and his daughter Sabina, who lived with him in the lodge. The governor was gone—pensioned off; so were the warders—pensioned or transferred to other jails; the prison population, un replenished by new committals,

had dwindled down till this very morning the last official had set the last rogue free. Sharland would shortly follow; his exodus was close at hand; but for the moment he was to be left in charge of the empty buildings, custodian or caretaker for the government, holding on from week to week until it was settled whether the ancient edifice should be left standing, or sold, or razed to the ground.

Sadly he made his rounds through narrow, well-like courts, along echoing corridors, visiting the untenanted cells, old-fashioned, dark, and ill ventilated. Enlightened public opinion had long condemned this ancient jail as an anachronism, lamentably behind-hand, and out of all keeping with modern ideas. Sharland could see nothing wrong with it. He was proud of every rusty bolt and bar, of every gloomy, poisonous recess, of every stone worn by centuries of weary footsteps, imprinted with illads of voiceless complaint. Here was the condemned cell, the ante-chamber to the scaffold. In one corner was the very table, a huge slab of stone, on which the executioner had disemboweled traitors. The very knife and fork on which he held the entrails aloft were there in the jail museum, with a gasty collection of gyves that had manacled notorious murderers, the weapons that had served them in their hellish work, and the hangman's rope that had repaid them. There was the debtors' yard, a small space barely a few feet square, where once hundreds were crowded—men, women, and children—starving on the pittance their creditors supplied. Down below were the blind underground oubliettes, where rumor said the victims of intolerance and oppression were left to rot, like rats in a sealed-up sewer.

A solitary walk through the grim and ghostly passages of the deserted jail was not calculated to improve old Sharland's spirits, or sweeten his temper. When he reached the lodge and found Sabina, his daughter, in the bright, snug kitchen, herself a bright, pleasant object, with her trim figure and smiling face, the greeting she got was discouraging—half groan, half growl. Yet she had something to say to her father, and, brave girl, his surly aspect could not restrain her.

"Father," she said, as they sat down to the midday meal, "I have heard—they tell me—that, that—Reuben has returned."

"Not here. He shall never cross this threshold again!" cried her father, excitedly. "I will not see him! I will never look upon his face again!"

The tears filled Sabina's eyes as she dropped them sadly, and sat silent, with nervously twitching hands.

"Who has seen him? When? Where? What was he doing?" cried the father, eager, in spite of all, to know all—the worst—about his errant, peccant son.

"The sergeant—Sergeant Copthorne met him."

"I thought as much. The sergeant met Reuben, and you met the sergeant. He sees my disgraced son, and my disobedient daughter sees him. Have I not forbidden it, Sabina? Told you a dozen times or more that I shall have no dealings, no truck, with Copthorne, that I will not tolerate him?"

"Sergeant Copthorne is true and honest, father. He is well thought of; he is certain to rise in the force. I like him. Why will you be so cruelly against him?"

"He serves the Borough. No man who owns the Corporation for master can be welcome to me."

This was another of old Sharland's griefs. He had an intense hatred and contempt for the Borough of Rye-chester and its authorities. There had long been a bitter rivalry between County and Corporation. The City was prosperous and go-ahead; the Shire aristocratic, but impetuous. A few years back, the Corporation had spent large sums on a brand-new model-prison, putting the old County Jail utterly to shame by contrast; and when choice had to be made between the two, as to which should be permanently retained, preference naturally was shown to the modern and more suitable structure. This was an affront put upon the county, which all who served it resented and repaid by scorn and depreciation. Asa Sharland, one of the oldest of county officials, even suffered his party spirit to cross his threshold and embitter his domestic relations.

(To be continued.)

## For Boils, Pimples

carbuncles,  
scrofulous sores,  
eczema, and all other  
blood diseases,  
take

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It will  
relieve and cure  
dyspepsia, nervous  
debility, and that  
tired feeling.

Has Cured Others  
will cure you.

SINCE BEAUTY IS BUT A SKIN DEEP  
THEN THEN THE SKIN DEEP  
BY THE EXCLUSIVE 1890.  
USE OF THE FAMOUS

**POZZONI'S MEDICATED  
COMPLEXION  
POWDER.**

"WOMAN'S ONLY FAVORITE"  
Warranted free from all Injurants.

Everybody likes it; Every lady uses  
it; Fancy Stores and Druggists  
Sell it.

WHO IS NOT PROUD OF A  
'POZZONI Complexion'



## A PRAYER FOR PITY.

BY SUSANNA J.

THERE is so much of sunshine in thy lot,  
Thou art so safely shelter'd from the strife  
I cannot wonder that thou knowest not  
The cold, dead Winter of a loveless life.

How should'st thou know? thyself so far above  
Less favor'd ones, who pray thee to bestow  
Out of the great abundance of thy love  
A word, a smile, to cheer them as they go.

Oh, ye on whom the sun shines bright and warm,  
Whose flowers are waved by Zephyr's softest breath,  
Ye know not of the tempest and the storm  
Or the despairing agony of death!

Ye know not, therefore censure not their grief,  
For different hearts have different loads of care;  
Ye grieve if Fate awards you one dead leaf,  
While they have few but mildew'd sheaves to bear.

## LIFE ON A FLOATING CITY.

IV.



Every trip there is pretty sure to be one rough day, when steamer-chairs are lashed to the deck-houses and when the racks have to be called into requisition in order to keep the edibles on the table. There are times when it is so rough that the saloon is almost deserted. I remember on one occasion, during a circular hurricane, when out of the whole passenger-list but two persons sat down to dinner, and I was one of that two. The very stewards couldn't keep their legs, but skated about the saloon like drunken fools, while the racks failed to restrain the plates and glasses, which played tag round the saloon.

During this voyage I for the first time saw oil used as a means of calming the sea. They poured something like forty-five gallons out on the waves in the course of the night, and the result was wonderful. Indeed, the efficacy of oil in calming the troubled waters has been so well established that an apparatus for its distribution is now placed in the bows of most large liners. It is, to say the least, an extremely unpleasant sensation to be fastened down "below" during a gale, for the air, which is the only thing that makes life endurable at sea, is denied you. The sense of being locked in intensifies the danger, for even the boldest realizes that if anything should happen they would be drowned like rats in a trap. Upon deck the noise is terrific. Every now and then the ship will raise her bows high in the air, and then come down with a dull thud on the waves, while a wall of green water will sweep clean over her, and the screw, lifted momentarily out of the water, will fly round like a huge pin-wheel gone mad, and makes her quiver from stem to stern like an aspen leaf.

Sometimes, in these storms, waves are forty feet high. The base of a wave—the distance from valley to valley at the bottom—is reckoned fifteen times the height. A wave twenty feet high, for instance, has a base extending over three hundred feet.

Believe me, there are more comfortable places than the bridge of steamers on a stormy night, when the spray is dashing mast-high, drenching to the skin the officers on watch, who are eagerly wishing for eight bells, when they will divest themselves of dripping oil-skins and enter into the comforts of a dry fo'castle. There are times when these officers have to be strapped to the bridge to prevent them being washed overboard. I once passed a night on the bridge of a big liner, but it was fine and warm, though dark as pitch. I went on with the chief officer at twelve, just as the lights were being put out. The last of the passengers had gone down to their respective cabins, except one or two hardy ones who were buttoning up for a midnight blow. Presently these, too, disappeared, and soon the quiet decks were completely deserted, for the watch were stealing forty winks by the galley fire. We were going along at a great rate over the inky sea, which was brilliantly phosphorescent. An order was issued gruffly now and then, and echoed back the length of the deck. Every half hour, as the bell struck, the look-out would chant out with as much music as there was in him, "All's well," and the man in charge of the lights would report that they "are all burning brightly, sir." Otherwise the night dragged on slowly and silently into the dawn.

Even in fine weather, having to get up out of bed and walk on a roof for four hours is anything but pleasant; and when you have to weather a howling gale, a wet sea-fog or a blinding snow-storm into the bargain, then you can leave me out of it. And the man on the look-out is even worse off than the watch officer, for he is not even allowed the strip of protecting canvas which screens the bridge from the wintry blast. It is a hard, hard life at best; and yet, withal, there is a pleasant side to the question. If the weather be clear and warm and the sea smooth, the passengers, at least, have a good time, despite the inconveniences, which are great, and the discomforts, which are greater. When the qualms have worn off, there is a certain exhilaration in speeding over the sea, and towards the close all but the mental dyspeptics really enjoy the trip. Though the company is more than a trifle mixed, you are pretty hard to please if you can't find some agreeable companions; and, withal, friendships are sometimes made aboard ship, not to mention more serious engagements, which last through life.

When the moon is shining, the passengers are apt to sit up over-late; and what is more beautiful than a summer's night at sea? Up in the bows all is quiet. The murmuring voices on deck is hushed into a kind of lullaby, under whose drowsy music both ship and ocean seem to be

dreaming. The look-out, high up on the forward bridge, is leaning on the rail, motionless as a statue, evidently occupied with his own thoughts. It is a curious sensation to look down at the sharp cut-water, round which the spray is rising in a fairy fountain, whose drops ring like a chime of silver bells as they meet the waves again. Looking aft, the ship is almost in darkness, being shadowed by the mountainous masts and huge funnels, out of which thick black smoke is curling skywards. Overhead, the stars hang out their white lamps against the sky, and send long trails of light glistening across the water until they break in crystal shivers on the hull. The light from the open ports of the saloon looks hot and yellow, and only entices a dull reflection from the sea. Someone who is playing on the piano in the music-room has drifted into the familiar strain of "Home, Sweet Home," and is sending it stealing out like a benediction on the sea. Your reverie is abruptly broken by the hoarse whisper of a horny-handed tar, who points to a chalk-line on the deck which he has drawn around you. This is an old sea-trick, which signifies that you have trespassed on forbidden ground and must pay the penalty. But, bless your heart, you pay it willingly, and are glad to see that there still survives at least one relic of the good old days before steam obliterated the genuine sailors of song and of story.

As a rule, a party is made up on every trip to explore the engine-rooms and stoke-hole. As these are forbidden grounds, permission to visit them has to be obtained from the chief engineer, which is readily granted by that dignitary, who advises you to wear your worst. When the time comes for starting, each one is supplied with a wad of cotton waste, to hold on with, for the rails reek with oil, and the gridirons that serve as floors are more slippery than ice ever was. Below all is noise and tangled motion, a bewildering nightmare of shining steel, which it is impossible to describe. Further down, in the very bowels of the boat, is the stoke-hole, and the picture here is a fantastic one. In the lurid glare of the furnaces, which roar with heat, you behold shoveling figures, stripped to the waist, black with coal and soaked in sweat, coming and going as an endless chain, piling on the coal. Verily, it is a sickening sight, and you can't get out without paying for it. Give them a few shillings to get drunk on when they get alone. God help them! they need it. The temperature down here is stifling, and as for light or air, they never get either, except when they snatch a breath on deck, for they are far below the water-line. Record-breaking is a good deal more pleasant for passengers than stokers. The system employed on board the *Teutonic* is that of forced draught upon an air-tight engine-room, for coal will not burn fast enough in the ordinary way to maintain the pressure her speed requires in the thirteen miles of tubing in her boilers. As a result, it is asserted that "it is nothing unusual for several men to become unconscious under conditions of heat and pressure of air such as are little imagined by the passengers."

Assuming that the engines will require eighteen pounds of steam per horse per hour, then one hundred and sixty tons of water must be pumped into the boilers every hour, and one hundred and sixty tons of steam will pass through the engines in the same time.

In twenty-four hours the water will amount to 3,840 tons, occupying 138,240 cubic feet. This amount of water would fill a length of 493 feet of a canal forty feet wide and seven feet deep. Taking the condensing water at thirty times the feed water it will amount to 4,800 tons per hour, or 115,200 tons in twenty-four hours, or for a six-day transatlantic run not less than 691,200 tons, or 24,883,000 cubic feet. This amount of water would fill a cubical tank 295 feet on the side, while the coal requires for its combustion 8,000 tons of air, occupying a space of 222,336,000 cubic feet. It is impossible to put these figures in a shape such that they may be grasped by the average reader, but enough has been cited to show, nevertheless, that the circulating pumps and fan engines of such ships are a hard-working lot.

It is doubtful whether much greater speed can be attained under existing circumstances; and it is also doubtful whether the public desires any better time than is now being made. No doubt a few do; but a large majority go abroad as much for the sea-breeze as anything else, and prefer an average voyage to a record-breaking one. Commodore Parsell, of the *White Star* line, says that the only manner in which the present European voyage could be improved on would be to make it a five-day trip, which would call for increased storage-room for coal, to say nothing of additional space in the vessel for extra machinery. Of course, a much higher price for passage would be the natural result. If the voyage between Queenstown and New York is ever reduced to a five-day trip, people will undoubtedly demand to know why it could not be accomplished in four; and so you could go on until there would be no end, and risks would be run.

Sometimes the expedition to the engine-room and stoke-hole is extended to the quarters of the steerage, which, on western trips, is usually crowded to suffocation. On one steamer I crossed in, the steerage accommodation consisted of a series of pens giving on a dimly-lit room. The men and women occupied different sides, but all fed in the middle room. They sat on the floor in a circle, and a steward went round and threw small portions of the coarsest food to them, as if they were beasts. They have to supply their own bedding and eating utensils. In the new *White Star* boats, however, they have cabins, besides a smoking-room and bath-room. But to return to the saloon passengers. On Sunday there is service, which is announced by the tolling of the ship's bell, the clapper of which is held in the hand and used as a hammer instead of the bell itself being swung. And the quartermaster tries to make it sound as much like a church-bell as maybe. Prayers are sometimes conducted by the captain; but, if there is a clergyman on board, he is supposed to officiate. And I have never yet crossed that there weren't half-a-dozen. Once I went across with the whole of some Pan-Anglican Synod. The boat-

swain, one night, told me in confidence that the presence of so many "sky pilots" on board boded ill for the ship; and, in truth, a school of sharks did follow us a good bit of the way across; but, withal, we arrived all right in the end. There is pretty sure to be an impromptu concert or entertainment gotten up towards the end of the voyage, for the benefit of the Seaman's Orphanage at Liverpool, which is supported by the munificence of transatlantic travelers. All the available talent on board is called into requisition for the performance, over which there are usually half-a-dozen mild rows. The concert being over, there is nothing more to do but to settle down again and wait for land.

In the fullness of time the passengers, having carefully examined the chart and the record, and having also received various straight tips from loquacious quartermasters, come to the conclusion that land is not very far off; and the presence of a small, russet-sailed fishing smack presently indicates that they are right. Then we pass more vessels, large and small; and before long, for it is fair weather, the entire saloon, with the exception of a few blasé snobs, are gathered up on the bows, on the *quiver*. Upon the bridge the look-out stands, crouched, with eyes glued on the horizon. He has not moved for five minutes. Presently he swings round as on a pivot, and in a low, weird chant, sings out, "Land on the starboard bow." But it is fully five minutes before the most keen-eyed of the passengers, even with the help of glasses, begins to discern the outlines of the Irish coast. Then, as we draw nearer, all sorts of disputes arise as to what point of land it is. Some noisily assert that it is Cape Clear; others are equally positive that it is Brow Head; others, again, are certain that it is Fastnet Rock; while there are some who declare it to be the old head of Kinsale. But one of the officers, who has emerged from below, settles the matter by declaring it to be the Bull, Cow and Calf, on the Kerry coast. High up on the top of Cape Clear we note the little house of the signal man. We have caught his eye, and, even as we speak, our arrival is cabled back under the ocean to New York, to be read by our relatives in the *Herald* to-morrow morning.

Having satisfied themselves that land is really in sight, many over-sanguine and inexperienced females madly rush below to pack their trunks and generally make ready to land, afraid they will be late; but it is a good three hours and better before we pass the Daunt's Rock lightship off Roche's Point and cast anchor in Queenstown Harbor. This lightship marks the easterly terminus of the Atlantic race-course, it being just 2,805 miles to the Sandy Hook lightship, at the other end of the line.

In the distance we can discern a low, squat, side-wheel steamer of perhaps half a pony power, coming out to meet us. She is in charge of a fog-hardened skipper, with a rich, buttery brogue, who stands on the paddle-box. After critically surveying us and inquiring as to the sort of trip we had, he begins to think about pulling alongside. And, after performing various *prouettes* around us, which none but an Irish captain could make without going to the bottom, he is made fast by a hawser, and someone on the bridge is heard to curse audibly. We are presently surrounded by an army of small boats, whose occupants, for the most part peasant women, try to delude us into buying genuine Irish lace, blackthorn sticks, and other products of the Emerald Isle. To judge from their persuasive manners, they are frequent visitors to the Blarney Stone, which is only a few miles from here. Not the least welcome of the visitors is a small boy, who offers us the *New York Herald*. Meanwhile the Queenstown baggage has been lowered into the tender, and then such of the passengers as are not going on to Liverpool, follow it. Then up comes the mails' agent in charge of the bags, which are carried on the tender. For a minute all is bustle; then the tender pulls off, and wends its way up the pleasant waters of the River Lee. Several unintelligible orders are now sharply issued from the bridge, and a hoed back again. Presently the capstan reels noisily and link by link the chain comes home, until at last the anchor ring and stock appears above the water, when, with a swing of the wheel, the ship is headed at half speed just as night is falling into the Channel, it being two hundred and forty-three miles to Liverpool.

It is late when the passengers go to bed, for there is much to attract the eye, though it is dark. Lighthouses of every sort blink at us from shore; and packets, luggers and other craft are to be seen on all sides. Breakfast-time next morning finds us off the Cheshire coast, Snowdon being visible in the distance. Finally the bar is crossed, and we are in the Mersey. It is now only fourteen miles to Liverpool. Then the passengers who have never been there before point out Liverpool, but they are somewhat disgusted when it turns out to be Birkenhead. But we are not far from our destination, and ere long the anchor is cast again. The steam tender comes alongside and takes off the passengers. As we move off in the smaller craft, the great motionless giant, now almost deserted, seems bigger than ever; and as we reach the landing-stage, we can see her turning in mid-stream and heading for the docks, to be unloaded and reloaded, and scrubbed and painted before she returns to New York next week—for these floating cities arrive and depart in all seasons with a regularity equal to that of an express train on land. And those who but an hour ago were pent up together under one roof are soon scattered broadcast over the face of England.

M. CROFTON.

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ONCE A WEEK, New York.

## WOMAN'S WORLD.



THE great Paris dressmaker, Worth, has been having a chat with an interviewer, and he says: "I am, as I believe it is well known, an Englishman. My parents desired that I should become a printer, and accordingly at the age of thirteen they apprenticed me to that trade. But I always had a great dislike to the occupation, having an instinctive repugnance to soiling my fingers. I only remained seven months in that position, for the dream of my life at that time was to go to London. Chancing to know a gentleman who was at that time a solicitor in Parliament street, I wrote to him, begging him to find me some position in the Capital. He interested himself in me and introduced me to the head of a large dry goods firm, who gave me a post in the establishment, where I remained for seven years. I was always treated with great consideration by the head of the firm, but my position was not one in which I could gratify my natural tastes and aspirations. I was kept at desk work and sent to match samples of goods, or to make payments or to deposit money in banks. Subsequently, as you know, I went to Paris, where, by dint of industry and hard work, I managed to establish a business that is known the world over."

Artist's gray, which is the clear dove tint, becoming to most women of whatever coloring, is still an extremely fashionable color for costumes.

Woman is a subject never mentioned in Morocco. It would be a terrible breach of etiquette to ask a man after his wife or wives.

Oscar Wilde says that the great secret of the charm of American women is that they behave as if they were beautiful.

The bride of the early autumn will have a going-away gown of chestnut brown or of chocolate or seal brown. These colors will be worn in preference to the light gray which was formerly the color to proclaim bridehood, and which during the past season has been a favorite with brides, and maidens, and matrons.

An old maid's assurance company for women has been opened in Denmark. Spinsters can assure themselves by a small sum on reaching the age of thirteen, and if still unmarried at forty are entitled to a regular allowance. If they marry, however, they forfeit all claims.

Dr. Jacobi, the great specialist in the diseases of women and children, says that the baby of to-day has a much better chance of life than the baby of fifty years ago. Possibly this is due to the fact that babies are not dosed with so much medicine as formerly, and are dressed more sensibly.

London is said to have fully eighteen thousand newspaper women, and the Ladies' School of Journalism turns out fresh material at the rate of two hundred a term. There are twenty-two press clubs where the fair scribblers meet to lunch, read, and exchange notes. Successes are few and salaries lamentably small.

Madame Patti is reported to sleep with a silk handkerchief round her neck. She uses a very salt gargle of cold water every morning.

The best tooth-brush to be had is a bristle badger that has not been bleached or dyed.

Queen Olga, of Greece, who has just celebrated her fortieth birthday, became a grandmother at thirty-nine. The Empress Frederick became a grandmother at the same age, while the Empress of Austria attained that dignity at thirty-six.

Something new in blouses is one in twilled silk, plaited, with a waist-band, below which falls a deep lace ruffle.

Madame de Valsyre, the noted advocate of woman's rights in France, is an expert at handling the foils, and is fond of steeplechasing.

Black will be much worn by persons out of mourning.

The Massachusetts State Branch of the International Order of King's Daughters has now 316 circles containing 4,826 members of the order, and enough independent members to make a total of 4,968. The youngest member is two months old; the oldest twenty-seven years.

The craze for beribboning everything has at last struck the soup plate.

The Rev. Florence Kollock, of Illinois, has not been absent from her pulpit, on account of sickness, for sixteen years.

A woman in Portsmouth has been teaching navigation to her pupils so successfully that many of them have passed the Board of Trade examinations and have become mates and skippers.

The most coquettish of feminine belongings—the apron—is again worn. It may be of silk or cotton, but to be entirely fashionable it must have a bib to be fastened on the bodice by a tiny little gold-headed pin.

The first woman student to enter the Cornell School of Law is Mrs. Henry Kennedy Brown, a graduate of Wellesley. Her home is in Grand Junction, Col., and she is a widow.

Mme. Michelet, the widow of the historian, has absolutely refused her consent to the publication of her husband's correspondence, since its owners will not promise to print the letters as they stand and allow her to compare the copies sent to the press with the originals.

Round waists are the fashion for the moment in Paris. They may be belted in closely or else they curve with the taper at the waist; they are finished in black, with a tiny frill, or else in jacket shape.

At last Miss Frances Willard has found something of which she can conscientiously approve. It is bicycling for women.

To remove a grease stain from colored material, lay upon it a piece of butcher's paper and press with a hot

iron. In a moment the grease spot will appear upon the paper. Put a clean piece on and repeat the process until the spot has disappeared.

An English lady declares that mustard plaster on the elbow will cure neuralgia in the face, and one on the back of the neck will cure it in the head.

England has more women workers in proportion to population than any other country; twelve per cent. of the industrial classes are women.

A young lady, the daughter of a minister, has recently been appointed a "pastor's aid" at St. Paul's Church, Chicago.

An excellent stuff for elderly women who do not care to put much money in a gown, is corduroy in drab, gray or coffee-brown. Well trimmed, with a touch of black, it makes a gown rich-looking enough for the dignity of age, without the expense that usually attends such garments.

Mrs. H. T. Dillon, daughter of Bishop Tanner, is not only the first colored woman physician, but the first woman of any race to pass the Alabama State medical examination. It was a written examination, and an unusually severe one, occupying ten days. Dr. Dillon, after passing with a high average, now occupies the place of resident physician at the Tuskegee (Ala.) Institute.

One of the most ingenious little contrivances for glove-mending is now being sold about town. It is a celluloid finger to be slipped into the glove while mending.

The Princess Maud of Wales has devoted some of her spare time during the past season studying the mandolin, and has set the fashion among the ladies.

A bunch of flowers prettily arranged are always fashionable in a morning or evening gown. The Princess of Wales usually wears a bunch of roses without leaf, or some close, neat little cluster. An easy way of keeping the blooms unfaded is to wrap the stalks in damp moss, and to put round them the brown waterproof skin the florists use. Small bouquet-holders are still to be had, but are out of fashion.

A French woman thus epitomizes the recipe for keeping young: A smiling woman, with an expression of repose, always appears years younger than her age.

Leather waistcoats are in fashion, made like men's, with double revers and double-breasted, showing a masculine tie above. Pigskin, which is dressed and has a highly glazed surface, and buckskin, are both used, and buckskin buttons are employed on tweed gowns of most kinds. A deep binding of leather is introduced on many skirts, but is mostly placed inside. Shooting waistcoats and bodices are frequently bound with leather. Leather skirts are found too heavy, and do not answer the purpose as well as the leather-bound. The leather buttons are the newest thing in woman's dress.



WILLIAM HENRY SMITH, the noted English politician, just dead, was a short-built, stontish, dapper little side-whiskered man, all shirt-front, and broadcloth, and watch-chain, with a profoundly bald head and a round, beaming face, there being a continuous rosy flush from the nape of his neck to the crown of his head, which was so perfectly dome-shaped that in the dusk it might almost have been mistaken for a new kind of glow-lamp. He was sixty-six. Uncursed with a university education, he worked his way up slowly, but surely, from comparative obscurity to the topmost pinnacle of British position and esteem. His father was a newsdealer, and founded the great book firm whose stalls are to be seen at every railway station in the kingdom. He himself began by folding papers, and ended by becoming head of the firm and one of the richest men in London, his fortune being estimated at ten million dollars. Then he turned his attention to politics, and, in 1868, was elected to Parliament, where he unobtrusively devoted his attention to learning the rules of the House and the details of its business with as much perseverance as he had previously applied to the folding of newspapers in his father's warehouse. Six years later, Disraeli made him Parliamentary Secretary of the Treasury. He was subsequently improved into First Lord of the Admiralty, in which capacity he will be best remembered as the living prototype of Sir Joseph Porter, in "Pinafore." In the first Salisbury administration he was Secretary of War, and also, for a few days, Irish Secretary. When the Gladstone Ministry fell, he returned to the War office; and, later on, when Lord Randolph Churchill, wishing to be Premier before his time, threw up the leadership of the House of Commons to find himself seated on the doorstep Mr. Smith was appointed to succeed him; and though he dated his letters from the official address of the head of the Government, he put on no frills, it being his boast that he could still fold newspapers and get them ready for sale as quick as any man in his employment. At first, he was ridiculed right and left. His habit of talking about the "British Constitution, sir," and of lecturing unruly members on their duty to their country, won him the sobriquet of "Old Morality;" but when it became clear that he was in earnest, they stopped jeering at him, and treated him with respect, and even with a certain amount of affection, so that, in the end, he became by long odds the most popular leader of the most difficult assemblage in the world to lead since the days of Lord Althorp. And the English people have not yet ceased wondering how he did it. Some months back, on the death of Lord Granville, he was made Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and thus the plain book-seller became the successor of Pitt, and Wellington, and Palmerston, and every one was glad that the post was so worthily conferred. Withal, he was neither a statesman nor an orator; but he was eminently respectable, and had none of the jingoism of that great political showman, Disraeli. He never in his life originated a policy, counted

nanced a revolt, or suffered for a conviction. He was simply a safe, plodding *bourgeois*, with neither brilliancy nor nonsense about him. Had he lived a little longer, he would have been improved (?) into a belted earl. As it was, he became to the masses of the English people a shining example of what a plain person of obscure birth may become by honesty and perseverance.

HENRY JAMES, the well-known novelist, is a stoutish, keen-featured man, with a pointed, dark beard, which gives him a certain facial resemblance to the Prince of Wales; and, like Bret Harte, George H. Boughton and many other unpatriotic Americans, resides in London, for whose fogs he has conceived a sneaking admiration. He is eight-and-forty, and began life as a lawyer, but eventually drifted into literature. His books are not nearly as popular as those of Eret Harte, but personally he is a far greater favorite, and can dine out every night in the season. He has charming manners and an inexhaustible fund of small talk; and, having amassed a comfortable competence, passes a pleasant life, but his disinclination for matrimony has long been an accepted fact by match-making mammas. He belongs to a mutual admiration society, of which there are but two members, William Dean Howells being the other; and he opines that Alphonse Daudet is far and away the greatest living novelist, which fact induced him to translate the latter's last book; but, as one critic remarked at the time, Daudet's humor having passed through James as a medium, was like molasses that had stood near a kerosene can.

JAN VAN BEERS, the celebrated Flemish painter, whose pictures are all the rage just at present, is a slim-built, sallow-complexioned man of impetuous manner, with an ebony moustache and goatee, and is maternally descended from Van Dyck, whom he is said by his admirers to greatly resemble. He is now six-and-thirty, and as soon as he could hold a pencil he began to draw caricatures of those nearest and dearest to him, so that they sent him to the Antwerp Academy to improve his style, which he did, until he became an artist. He is gifted with very remarkable eyesight, being able to paint an eyelash which is invisible to the naked eye, which has upon occasion led critics to deny him his art, saying that his work was impossible to any but a machine. But he soon attracted much attention as a greater than Wiertz in his own line, and as a painter who had in some sort thrown away much bright talent upon clever trifles. But lately he has shown a tendency to serious work, and is still full of promise. He is an original man, who likes pretty women for his models; and he can give a dinner which would have filled Lucullus—with envy. Yet he is a good fellow, and always ready to help a friend, even though he be an artist, and he is engaged upon a portrait of our Ada Rehan.

FREDERIC HARRISON, the great English disciple of Comte, is a gray-bearded man of middling height, with the rosy cheeks of a school-boy. He wears a monocle, yet without this does not prevent him being one of the most intellectual of living Englishmen. He was born sixty years ago, and, after reaping honors *galore* at Oxford, got called to the Bar, and in the fullness of time became professor of jurisprudence at the University of London. He was a member of the Commission on Trades Unions, '67-69, and secretary to the Commission for the Digest of the Law, '69-70. He is president of the Positivist Committee, and has published numerous essays and addresses on Positivism, having translated the second volume of Comte's "Positive Polity." He has also written very many articles in the leading reviews, and is author of works on "The Meaning of History" and "The Choice of Books," and a life of Oliver Cromwell, besides a great number of lectures on historical, social and religious questions.

## MISS ELSIE ANDERSON DE WOLFE.

IT was in the winter of 1886 and 1887, when the amateur stage, through its inefficiency, had well-nigh lost all hold upon public favor, that a new interest was there-in aroused by the appearance upon its boards of Miss Elsie Anderson de Wolfe, who had but recently returned to America after a long residence abroad. Recognizing at an early age her possible talent, Miss de Wolfe had spared neither time nor trouble in its cultivation. Determined to do the utmost with whatever natural gifts she might possess, she humbly sought instruction from such exacting teachers as Hermann Vizen, of London; Madame Bartet, of the Comédie Française, and David Belasco, of the Lyceum Theater, in this city.

In addition to less important characters, she has been successfully identified with such rôles as *Helen*, in "The Hunchback," and *Lady Teazel*, in "The School for Scandal;" though it was not until February, 1888, at the Lyceum Theater, when Miss de Wolfe gave a very remarkable performance in an emotional play called "Contrast," that the full power of her histrionic talent was appreciated and applauded.

Miss de Wolfe's *début* in Sardou's "Thermidor," as a professional, was a very pronounced success. The rôle exacted the very highest art—and the gifted *artiste*, albeit naturally nervous, displayed a dramatic power of which her numerous friends and admirers did not deem her the possessor. There were moments when she was literally "great;" and old theater-goers wagged their heads in honest and warmest approval. M. Sardou, deeply interested in the career of Miss de Wolfe, "coached" her in her exacting part, and with such good effect as to enable her to make so successful a *début*.

The subject of our sketch is a tall, graceful brunette, with a face that is most expressive and intelligent.—(See first page.)

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THE LATE CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

(See Editorial, page 4.)

## THE VEILED PROPHET OF ST. LOUIS.

ONCE a year the city of St. Louis is visited by a mystic being known as the Veiled Prophet. This year the usual mysterious edict was promulgated, announcing that on Monday, October 5th, his Majesty would visit St. Louis, while eight thousand costly invitation-cards were received by eight thousand favored individuals, from President Harrison and his Cabinet, downwards, with cards of admission to his Highness's annual ball in the Merchants' Exchange, on Tuesday, October 8th.

Governor Francis, of Missouri, was present at the ball with a large party. The hall, every year, is decorated without regard to expense, and no lady or gentleman is allowed on the floor unless in full evening dress, exception being only made in favor of military uniform.

As in previous years, the veiled prophets—that is to say, the mystic being and his suite—proceeded to the ball by a circuitous route covering the principal streets of the metropolis of the West, with a procession of floats which cost several thousand dollars. The streets along the route were brilliantly illuminated by both electricity and gas. The police state that on these annual parades nine-tenths of the houses in the city are locked up for the evening; and as the local crowd was augmented on Tuesday by excursionists brought in by special trains, at half rates, by twenty-one different lines of railway, it is easy to see that at least one million people must have watched the procession. Seats in good position sold readily at from one to ten dollars each.

St. Louis lays itself out to entertain the stupendous influx of visitors in a peculiar way. It has a permanent Festivities Association, which is now collecting a million dollars for the amusement of visitors and the entertainment of strangers during the next three years, and which has actually raised more than half the sum named. Besides the usual hotel accommodation, rooms for considerably over one hundred thousand visitors were provided by private citizens, registers being kept for the purpose.

The secret as to the identity of the Veiled Prophet is kept in a remarkable manner. The St. Louis Veiled Prophet is not even an indirect descendant or connection of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, who, it will be remembered, was a bad man and an impostor who wore a veil to cover his hideousness; he claims connection rather with the prophet of the East who possessed a magic mirror which laid bare the inner life of any man who looked upon it. All this prophet's followers were made to undergo this test before being allowed to enter his ranks, and the same idea is preserved in St. Louis now.

The general outline of the floats in the marvelous panorama is given in this week's ONCE A WEEK, on pages 8 and 9, from sketches made on the spot by Mr. Alfred Russell.

The success of the parades has varied as the weather varies, but not otherwise. No one has ever suggested abandoning the annual pageant, and there are thousands

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## RIDLEY'S

### GRAND STREET, N. Y.

## FINE FURS.

Alaska Seal and Fur Garments, Reefer Jackets, Coats, Newmarkets, Fur Rugs, Robes, Fur Trimmings, Muffs, Fur Scarfs and Boas.

### MISSSES' AND CHILDREN'S FANCY FURS.

New Long Mantle Capes, "CLEOPATRA" and "PORTIA," Seal Mink, in Astrakhan and Gray Krimmer.

### FUR SHOULDER CAPES.

FINE ALASKA SABLE AND NATURAL BEAVER

\$29.00, Real Value, \$35.00

Fine Wool Seal, China Seal, Black Astrakhan and Russian Lynx, \$12.50.

Orders by mail promptly and accurately filled.

**EWD. RIDLEY & SONS,**  
309, 311, 313 1-2 to 321 GRAND ST.

Six floors occupied exclusively by us for the sale of Millinery, Fancy and Dress Goods, etc.

## Special Offer from this date until Nov. 1.

### THE WORKS OF GEORGE ELIOT.

To Subscribers who will renew their Subscription to ONCE A WEEK and its SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY, at the rate at which they originally subscribed (or New Subscribers at \$6.00), and who send in a Renewal of their Subscription for One Year, Cash in Advance, a Special Complete Edition of George Eliot's Works will be forwarded.

This Special Edition is in Six Volumes, printed on Extra Fine Heavy Paper, bound in Best English Cloth, Gilt Side and Back, and in Large, Clear Type, as can be seen from the part specimen page printed herewith. **THIS OFFER WILL ONLY HOLD FROM THIS DATE UNTIL NOV. 1.**

This is the handsomest edition of this great author's works ever published, and is an opportunity to secure a set that should not be missed.

Any subscription sent in after November 1, 1891, cannot receive this special edition, in six volumes.

of residents five hundred miles from the gateway to the Southwest who have seen every procession and who would travel twice the distance next week to see any one of them again. Other cities have tried to discover the St. Louis secret, and duplicate the performance; but while they have succeeded in providing amusement for the people, they have failed to make the event an annual one. His Highness, in other words, only appears once a year in America, and never parades outside St. Louis.

**CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY**  
Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibuled Trains, with Westinghouse Air Signals, between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, daily.

Through Parlor Cars on day trains between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibuled Trains between Chicago, Council Bluffs and Omaha, daily.

Through Vestibuled Sleeping Cars, daily, between Chicago, Butte, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, Ore.

Solid Trains between Chicago and principal points in Northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan.

Daily Trains between St. Paul, Minneapolis and Kansas City via the Hedrick Route.

Through Sleeping Cars, daily, between St. Louis, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The finest Dining Cars in the World.

The best Sleeping Cars. Electric Reading Lamps in Berths.

Six thousand one hundred miles of road in Illinois, Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, South Dakota and North Dakota.

Everything First-Class.

First-Class People patronize First-Class Lines.

Ticket Agents everywhere sell Tickets over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

It is very difficult to know just how much we ought to expect from our fellow-men, but it is far better to err on the side of expecting too little than too much. It is so easy to make too little allowance for deficient training, for unfavorable circumstances, for incapacity, for inexperience.

#### CALIFORNIA.

THERE is no doubt about the real value of that extraordinary country. Thousands are going. By taking a seat in a Palace car at the Dearborn Station, Chicago, any afternoon, you can go to San Francisco, Los Angeles or San Diego, without changing cars. That is, provided you take the SANTA FE ROUTE. You do it without changing cars, and in twenty-four hours less time than by any other line.

Chicago Office, 212 Clark street.

#### VARIETIES.

"He is one of the best musical critics in the city."

"Nothing of the kind. He hasn't got the very first requisite of a musical critic. Why, he not only understands music, but he actually plays."

MISS SEASONED—"Speaking of names, I think Frank is a pretty name."

MR. CHARLES F. SYLVER—"Yaas, so do I. That's my middle name." (Gaining courage.) "Er—what do you think of Sylver for a name?"

MANY persons admire the bouquet of fine wines, but almost any kind of liquor will make the nose gay if you use enough of it.

ACCEPTING the philosopher's theory that money represents trouble, it is surprising to see how many people are willing and anxious to borrow trouble.

"You are the light of my life," she said to him as she said good-night at the front door.

"Put out the light," growled the father at the head of the stairs, and the front door slammed.

#### ALL KINDS OF BOYS.

A sympathetic boy—Con Dolence.

A credulous boy—Bill Lever.

A pious boy—Sam Ody.

A harmful boy—Cy Atica.

An exclusive boy—Pat Rishan.

A mathematical boy—Al G. Braw.

A fat boy—Levi A. Than.

An unbelieving boy—Harry Tick.

A flighty boy—Lew Nacy.

A hard-hearted boy—Cal Kedony.

A pleasing boy—Hal Seon.

A celebrated boy—Michael Mass.

A troublesome boy—Nick O'Teen.

A useful boy—Val U. Bull.

A depressing boy—Mel Ancholy.

CAROLINE S. PEPPER.

## A Great Advantage.

A girl may have a willowy form, classic features and teeth like pearls, but she never can be

### BEAUTIFUL

if her complexion is bad. For this reason a companion with plain features will outshine her if she possesses the advantage of a lily-white skin, tinted with just enough pink to give it a lovely PEACH-BLOOM COLOR.

This bewitching effect always follows the use of

## Glenn's Sulphur Soap,

which transforms the most sallow skin into purity and health, removes all unsightly eruptions, and gives to the complexion that peculiarly fascinating appearance inseparable from the highest type of FEMALE LOVELINESS.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Glenn's Soap will be sent by mail for 30 cts. for one cake, or 75 cts. for three cakes, by C. N. CRITTENTON, Sole Proprietor, 115 Fulton Street, New York City.

**U&I**



HAM, 71 State st., (Central Music Hall) Chicago.

can earn big money buying Antique Furniture, Clocks, Indian or War Relics, Rare Books, Stamps, Coins, etc. Send stamp for reply. EDWIN ADLER & CO., 62 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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Made of natural CURLY hair, guaranteed becoming to ladies who wear their hair parted. \$6 up, according to size and color. Beautifying Mask, with prep'n. \$2; Hair Goods, Cosmetics, etc., sent C.O.D. anywhere. Send to the mfr for Illustrated Price-Lists. E. BURN-

TRAY FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address all mail to THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO. Opposite New German Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit \$100 to anyone sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture FREE as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.

**FREE**

For 30 Days. Wishing to introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS and at the same time extend our business and make new customers, we have decided to make this Special Offer: Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph, Tintype, Ambrotype or Daguerrotype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address all mail to THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO. Opposite New German Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit \$100 to anyone sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture FREE as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.

## NEW YORK TO THE WEST VIA BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

THE B. & O. Co. now operates a complete service of fast Express trains direct from New York to Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. Pullman Sleepers are run through from New York to the three cities named, without change or transfer.

The fastest trains in America run via B. & O. R. R. between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and all the trains are equipped with Pullman Buffet, Parlor and Sleeping Cars.

Great improvements have been made in the roadway and equipment of the B. & O. in the last two years, and its present train service is equal to any in the land. In addition to its attractions in the way of superb scenery and historic interest, all B. & O. trains between the East and West run via Washington.

TO BELIEVE that there is no place like home is a wholesome partiality; but to laugh another man's home to scorn because it is not a fac-simile of one's own, is illiberal and unmanly.

FOR upwards of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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The New York Consolidated Card Company's Playing Cards.



222, 224, 226 and 228 West 14th St., N. Y.  
The oldest manufacturers of Playing Cards in America. All grades and qualities. Ask your dealer for them.

MOTHER (sternly)—"Why did you tell that lie to the teacher?"

JOHNNY—"To save somebody from punishment."

MOTHER (mollified)—"I knew there must be some extenuating circumstances. Who was it you wished to save from punishment?"

JOHNNY—"Myself."

"HAD you rather be a mounted policeman or one on foot?" said a little boy to his sister.

"Oh, a mounted policeman, because then, if I found any robbers, I could get away faster."

## PENSIONS. A SPECIALTY.

Lost Discharges Quickly Duplicated.

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IMITATIONS OF BENT & CO.'S HAND-MADE Water Crackers. Look out for them.

20 Yrs. **WARRANTED** **ALUMINUM** **CRACKERS**

**COSTS NOTHING** to examine this Great Buggy. Send your address and we will send to your express office a gold-filled watch, elegantly engraved, hunting case, stem wind and stem set, full gents' size, richly jeweled American movement, accurate time keeper (all express charges paid by us) and let you carefully examine it without paying a cent. If you do not find it equal to watches retailed at \$35.00 or more, and as represented, let it come back, but if it edges suit you, pay the express agent \$10.24—our wholesale price—and take the watch. **WATCH SUPPLY CO., 320 & 322 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.**



**LISTEN** Have you written to us yet? If you haven't, you better act once. You don't want to miss YOUR opportunity. Read our illustrated advertisement in the first issue this month, of this paper. MONEY to be made rapidly, by any industrious person of either sex. Even beginners can easily earn from \$5 to \$10 per day. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Can devote all your time or spare time only to it. We instruct and show you how FREE. Easy to learn. We start you. Write and learn all FREE by return mail. Address **H. Hallett & Co., Box 1758, Portland, Maine.**

**HOME STUDY.** Book-keeping, Penmanship, Business Forms, Arithmetic, Shorthand etc., thoroughly taught at Student's Home by Mail. 7 years success. A Trial Lesson and Catalogue free. **BRYANT & STRATTON, 45 Lafayette St., Buffalo, N. Y.**

**JUMBO** WE ARE THE HOUSE ON WHEELS BECAUSE WE SELL A BOY'S and GIRL'S 20-inch SAFETY for \$11.00 Description—Rubber Tires, Cone Bearings, Adjustable Coil Spring Saddle, Mud Guards, Tool Bag, Oil and Wrench, Curved Handle Bars, Brake and Lamp Bracket. Send for Bicycle Catalogue. **E. C. MEACHAM ARMS CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.**

More Money is Made every year by Agents working for us than by any other company. Why don't you make some of it? Our circulars which we send Free will tell you how. We will pay salary or commission and furnish outfit and team free to every agent. We want you now. Address **Standard Silver Ware Co., Boston, Mass.**

**WHAT A LARGE PUBLISHING HOUSE GOING OUT OF THE BUSINESS**

threw a great quantity of Music Books on the market; we were lucky enough very down here in Maine to secure the lot at almost nothing, and for this week will send one collection only to a person on receipt of six cents. When you consider that you are to receive over twelve dozen songs with music for a mere song, you will probably make haste to answer, as they won't last long, and you will probably find some piece in the lot that you have hunted high and low for, and would not sell for \$1.00, and yes, "Comrades" is in it, also 144 other popular songs.

**MORSE & CO., BOX 19, AUGUSTA, ME.**

**LADY AGENTS** clear from \$25 to \$100 week by selling our celebrated MME. DEAN'S SPINAL SUPPORTING CORSETS. Exclusive territory given, and satisfaction guaranteed. Over 150 other popular styles to select from. \$3 Sample free to Agents. Catalogue and terms free. **LEWIS SCHIELE & CO., 498-500 BROADWAY, N. Y.**

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**PATENTS.** Inventors should write at once for our hand Book of Instructions, which will be sent free to any address, upon application. **J. B. CRALLE & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.**

**BICYCLES GIVEN AWAY** FREE TO BOYS & GIRLS UNDER 18. If any boy or girl wants an elegant High Grade Safety Bicycle (30 inch wheels) free on easy conditions, write at once to **WESTERN PEARL CO., Chicago, Ill.**

**BIRDmann** makes Canaries SING. The secret of the Birdmann is the song of a Caged Bird, it prevents their ailments and it makes them sing even while sheding feathers. Mailed for 15c. Sold by all stores. Bird Book free. 400 North Third Street, PHILADELPHIA, Pa. Send also for a free sample and Cattle Powder, the best in the world, with free book.

**A CHANCE TO MAKE \$5 PER DAY** is offered any person with push to introduce "EASINE," the latest commercial invention. Bookkeepers, Merchants, and Lawyers buy on sight. 5,000 have been sold in Philadelphia. Exclusive control of one or more States will be given competent person. Write today, enclosing stamp for particulars. Address: **WILLIAMSON & CO., 44 N. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

## AN HONEST KING.

WHOEVER reads the following must own to a feeling of respect as well as liking for the honest king.

King Frederick VI., of Denmark, while traveling through Jutland, one day entered a village school, and found the children lively and intelligent, and quite ready to answer his questions.

"Well, youngsters," he said, "what are the names of the greatest kings of Denmark?"

With one accord they cried out: "Canute the Great, Waldemar and King Christian IV."

Just then a little girl to whom the school-master had whispered stood up and raised her hand.

"Do you know another?" asked the king.

"Yes, Frederick VI."

"What great act did he perform?"

The girl hung her head and stammered: "I don't know."

"Be comforted, my child," said the king, "I don't know either."

## MORE THAN READY.

"The successful canvasser," once said a business man, "is the one who can persuade you to buy what you don't want." Few persons of refined feeling would care to undertake the business under those circumstances, but even they could scarcely help being amused by some instances of persistence in agents.

A "summer boarder" was one day sitting on the farmhouse steps, when a vendor of patent medicines appeared, and began to advertise his wares.

"Good for toothache, rheumatism, gout, ague," he said, rapidly, displaying a bottle.

"Got rheumatism now, haven't ye?"

"I could tell that the minute I set eyes on ye."

"Never had a twinge in my life," said the victim.

"Subject to headache?"

"No."

"Teeth trouble ye?"

"Never."

So the conversation went on, from nostrums to liquids for cleansing purposes, and still nothing was sold. After half-an-hour's steady effort, the agent slowly packed up his wares and sadly prepared to depart. As he was about to go, a neighbor approached, bringing the morning's mail, and called out, triumphantly:

"I've got two magazines, and there's a story by you in each!"

The agent threw open his bag with a lightning-like gesture. He seized a bottle from its contents, and proffered it, imploringly.

"Why didn't you tell me you was a writer?" cried he. "Two shillings a bottle! Best thing on earth for writer's cramp!"

He had conquered; the nostrum was bought, though only to be tossed over the backyard wall.

## THE HORRID SHOP-KEEPER.

FRIEND (noticing the confused heaps of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the shop)—"Hello! what's happened? Been taking an inventory, had a fire, or are you going to move out?"

SHOP-KEEPER—"That shows how little you know about business. We have merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a paper of pins."

CRAMPS—"Here my doctor has ordered me to drink hot water an hour before every meal. I now have been drinking for forty minutes, and I'll be jiggered if I can drink another drop!"

WIFE (reading paper)—"I always held that Colonel Hooker was an honest man. I see that a man filled him full of buckshot last night."

HUSBAND—"Where does the honest part come in?"

"Why, this article says the colonel returned the shot."

CUSTOMER—"The milk is a little bit blue, don't you think?"

MILKMAN—"If you had so many one-horse jokes made about you as city milk has, you would feel a bit blue yourself."

MRS. PRENTICE—"How do you always manage to get such delicious beef?"

MRS. BINTHYRE—"I select a good honest butcher, and then stand by him."

MRS. PRENTICE—"You mean you give him all your trade?"

MRS. BINTHYRE—"No, I mean that I stand by him while he is cutting off the meat."

**YOU CAN GET A NEW PIANO, and Save \$100.**

We can prove this to you if you will write to us for our new PIANO CATALOGUE. The finest in existence. IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING. We send it free to any address. It fully explains our plan of EASY PAYMENTS. We Can Save You ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

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Plano and Organs delivered FREE. On We Can Save You ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS. test trial no matter where you live.

**HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION**

**MODENE**

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In Cosmetics, an incomplete mixture was accidentally applied on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and as simple as any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CANNOT FAIL. If the growth is light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on the arms may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without the slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SUPERFICIAL ELECTROLYSIS.

—RECOMMENDED BY ALL WHO HAVE TESTED ITS MERITS—USED BY PEOPLE OF REFINEMENT.—Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence—entirely private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.)

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS: MODENE MFG CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A. (SEE THIS OUT WANTED. Register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery.) AS IT MAY NOT be sold at \$1.00 for failure or the slightest injury. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

**ESTERBROOK'S PENS** 26 JOHN ST., N. Y. THE BEST MADE.

**Medicated Throat Bandage.**

Positively cures Quinsy, Croup, Gout, Enlarged Tonsils, Catarrh of the Throat, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, and all diseases of the Throat and Vocal organs, no matter how chronic. For acute attacks its action is marvelous. We will send a book, entitled "THE THROAT AND ITS AFFECTIONS," free to any one sending us a 2-cent stamp for postage and mentioning this paper.

EMILY PETTY, Unionville, Ill., writes: "My mother had not spoken a word above a whisper for six years until she used your Medicated Throat Bandage. She can now talk as well as she ever could." M. F. LOSEY, M. D., No. 838 Market St., San Francisco, Cal., writes: "I had a very troublesome sore throat which had entirely disappeared with the use of your Medicated Throat Bandage." Sent by mail, pre-paid, for \$3. THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY CO., Box 23, CINCINNATI, O.

**"DRESS STYLISHLY."**

Heretofore you have been buying your Cloaks and Wraps ready-made, and if your experience has been that of the majority of ladies you have not found ready-made garments to please you. They are not made as nicely as you would wish; they don't fit—and they don't give satisfaction. Why not have them made to order, then?

We make all our cloaks to order, and that is the secret of the perfect fit and finish of our garments. We are manufacturers, and by selling direct to you we save you the jobber's and retailer's profits, amounting to about one-third the cost of the cloak. No matter where you live we prepay all express charges as well as our own expense.

We sell Ladies' Cloth Jackets from \$3.00 up; English Walking Jackets, length, \$4.50; Recker Jackets, with fur shawl collar and fur facing, \$6.65; long Cloth Capes, \$2.50; Ladies' Newmarkets, \$3.00; Plush Jackets, \$4.50; Plush Scaques, \$17.75; Misses' Newmarkets, \$4.65; Children's Cloaks, \$2.95; long Top Coats; Ladies' Cloth Coats; Circulars; Cape Newmarkets; a complete line of fur-trimmed garments; Broadened Jackets, Capes and Wraps; Plush Jackets, Newmarkets, etc., etc. Also many other styles and higher-priced garments up to the most expensive.

Our new Fall Catalogue, with illustrations, descriptions and prices of more than 100 styles of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cloaks, Wraps and Furs, and new Winter Supplement, is now ready. We will mail it to you, together with complete measurement blanks (which insure a perfect fit), a 48-inch tape measure, and more than FORTY SAMPLES of the cloths and plushes of which we make the garments, to select from, on receipt of four cents in stamps to prepay postage. Our samples include a handsome line of Imported and Domestic Kerseys, Cheviots, Beavers, Chinchillas, Diagonals, Bedford Cords, Wide Wales, Chevrons, Camels-hair, Whipcords, etc., in solid colors, stripes, plaids and combinations; also a line of English Seal Plushes in different qualities. We also sell cloth and plush by the yard to ladies who wish to make their own garments. Our catalogue and samples will save you from \$2 to \$15 on every cloak, and will aid you to get a stylish and perfect-fitting garment. Write for them to-day. Please mention ONCE A WEEK.

**THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO., 21 Wooster St., N. Y. City.**

**GENUINE BENT & CO. HAND-MADE WATER Crackers** always bear their stamp.

**Our Mail Trade** is largely Male Trade, (This is our Fall pun.) Send us your name on a postal card and we will mail you samples of our goods including our FALL SPECIALTIES.

No. 1.—Our \$15.50 Suit, No. 2.—Our \$16.50 Overcoat. Sent everywhere in U. S. by mail or express. Full line of pant goods always sent for the Famous Plymouth Rock \$3 Pants is our leader.

Address all Plymouth Rock Pants Co., mail to Headquarters 121 to 125 Elliot St., Boston.

We have seven stores in Boston and a store in Washington, D. C., Chicago, Ill., Toledo, Dayton, Little Rock, Ark., Richmond, Va., Birmingham, Ala., Worcester, Mass., Troy, N. Y., Macon, Ga., Memphis, Tenn., Nashville, Tenn., Dallas, Tex., Augusta, Ga., Davenport, Iowa, Columbus, Ga., Galveston, Tex., Waco, Tex., New Orleans, La., Pensacola, Fla., Atlanta, Ga., Manchester, N. H., Concord, N. H., Montgomery, Ala., New Haven, Conn., Springfield, Mass., Newport, Bar Harbor, Cottage City, Nantucket, Kansas, Mo., Louisville, Ky., Austin, Tex., San Antonio, Tex.

**GARFIELD TEA**

of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores the Complexion; cures Constipation.

**WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP**

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, free. A Sample Case and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, illustrated, on skin, scalp, hair, and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent on receipt of 10c, also Druggists' formulae like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Itch and Pimples, Scars, Pimples, Redness of Nose, Superficial Hair, Eruptions, etc., removed.

**JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, 125 West 42nd Street, New York City.** Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.

**GOODS DELIVERED FREE** and sold at 100 per cent. Profit by our Agents. **KOENIG MANFG. CO. HAZLETON, PA.**

**NO GENUINE BENT & CO. HAND-MADE WATER Crackers** without their stamp.



TWO'S COMPANY, ETC.

SISTER—"What are you waiting for, Dolph?"  
DOLPH (who is always sent out of the room with a penny)—"For the usual bribe."

## Malarial Disorders.

Where correct sanitary laws are enforced, there can be but little malaria.

The evils of malarial disorders are fever, weakness, lassitude, loss of appetite, nervous debility, prostration, depression, more or less pronounced; and sometimes life itself almost becomes a burden.

The human system needs continuous and careful attention to rid itself of its impurities. Stimulate into activity the vital organs, cleanse the stomach and bowels, quicken the circulation, and increase the action of the skin by the use of that most harmless of all remedies, BEECHAM'S PILLS, and doctor's bills will be avoided, and good health will result. Take these Pills as directed, for any nervous or bilious disorder, such as sick headache, poor digestion, loss of appetite and constipation, and they will prove a blessing pecuniarily as well as physically. Price only 25 cents per box.

All Druggists sell Beecham's Pills.

### AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY

or commission, to handle the new Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. The greatest novelty ever produced. Agents making \$50 per week. For further particulars, address, THE MONROE ERASER MFG CO., La Crosse, Wis., x 103.



EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing and incomparable efficacy.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass.

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